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Maclean's

JULY 2, 1979

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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JULY 2, 1979 VOL. 92 NO. 27



Ex-con art

While he was being arrested for drug trafficking, Montreal artist Michel Pellus decided to be a painter. Now his lollipop art sells for $8,000. More fun than making licence plates. **Page 4**

A welcome wonder

This year's Saskatchewan Roughriders have changed everything from coach to turf. New quarterback Tom Clements holds the key to a New Era. **Page 37**







COVER PAVLOVSKY/ SYGMA AD RIHAN WILLEM/ MACLEAN'S

COVER STORY

Asian Holocaust?

Streaming out by the hundreds of thousands since Communists came to power in South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, refugees have been washing up like jetsam on Malaysia's shores for months. But it took the shocking promise by Malaysia that it would shoot any new refugees on sight to trigger action throughout the West. Canada and the U.S. in particular have had to face up to an age-old dilemma. **Page 32**



Newfoundland takes off

Brian Peckford's revolution between the ears paid off in a Tory victory. Trouncing Liberal Don Jamieson was one thing; implementing the mandate is another. **Page 20**

Out of the closet

Never a fashion plate, Woody Allen raided his designer's closet to find the right baggy pants to wear in *Manhattan*. Now early crumple has become de rigueur. **Page 38**

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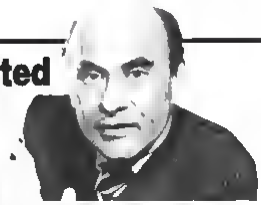


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Newfound hope for a Newfoundland wrested from a long and exhausted dominance



By Peter C. Newman

All the time Lawrence O'Toole, the *Maclean's* senior writer who chronicles Brian Peckford's electoral triumph on pages 20-22, was growing up in Renews, Newfoundland, that island was the exclusive political preserve of the Hon. Joseph R. Smallwood. For 23 long years he ruled his rocky roost. His offhand quips had the force of law, nervous ministers jumped to anticipate his every whim.

It was a grim reminder of his vanished authority that the man who brought Newfoundland into Confederation with the 1949 referendum could not even hold onto a sliver of surrogate political clout in the 1979 campaign. Instead of running himself, this time 'round Joey was campaign manager for his son, Bill, in the Port de Grave riding; the Smallwood name was enough to ensure their joint defeat. Political dynasties die hard and this one deserves an obituary.

When Joey was at the height of his power and popularity, I remember spending an evening at his farm on Roache's Line, west of St. John's. Earlier, I had watched him preside over the provincial legislature in which the Opposition was limited to only three Conservatives. Bored with the proceedings, the bantam premier pulled a radio out from his parliamentary desk and switched on a weather report. Eventually the Speaker lurched to his feet and suggested that listening to the news during debates was, excuse me, Mr. Premier, somewhat "Out of Order." Feigning surprised innocence, Smallwood turned off the machine and shrugged a reply. "I'm sorry, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I thought you were asleep."

That night, Smallwood insisted on showing me 'round his magnificent estate with its huge heated swimming pool illuminated by underwater spotlights and his library sweeping upward to a vaulted ceiling. Feigning some innocence of my own, I wondered how he could possibly manage to afford such a luxurious spread on his premier's salary, then only $10,000. "Well, b'y," he bubbled, "awfully glad you asked. See that swimming hole over there? The fella who builds most of our highways in this province, he gave it to me. Now wasn't that nice of him?"

The roots of the Liberals' long dominance over Newfoundland politics were caught even better in an incident during the 1965 federal election. The official enumerators, Smallwood cronies all, added to voters' lists the names of long-dead Liberal relatives.

The premier decided to take Lester Pearson on a tour of St. John's. It was a cold day, but they were comfortably ensconced in the back of an open limousine, waving at the crowds. When their caravan passed through a cemetery, Pearson stuffed his frigid hands back into his overcoat. But Smallwood vigorously kept saluting the silent headstones. "Come on, Mike," he nudged his companion. "Keep waving. This is our best district!"

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An ex-con painter with an eye for business

PORTRAIT

By Wayne Grigsby

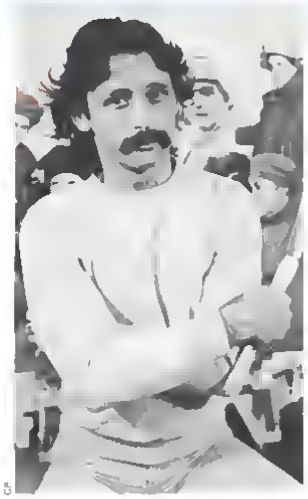
Montreal artist Michel Pellus lounged gracefully across a table in the Café de la Paix, a relatively quiet corner in the fashionable St. Moritz Hotel. Over his shoulder, New York's Central Park was blooming. Popping a couple of roasted almonds into his mouth, he whipped out a pocket calculator. As his fingers flew across the keyboard, he explained the economics of art in North America in the '70s. "For an original, I can get maybe $8,000 if it's a big canvas. But if I use it as the master for a series of say 250 prints at $350 per, we're looking at"—punch, punch, beep beep, chuckachuckachuck—"a gross of $87,500. I split that with Levine and Levine Graphics, my publishers [who also publish Salvador Dalí], and I'm still left with $43,750. And I've got the original, which, because of the prints, probably doubles or triples in value." Not a hint of embarrassment, glee or any other emotion flickers in his pale green eyes. It's business as usual.

Spend any amount of time around 34-year old Michel Pellus and the strange contradiction between his work and his persona looms large. It's hard to reconcile this cool, calculating businessman with the artist whose paintings feature lollipop trees and clouds, soft, soothing pastel colors, airy spaces and innocent-faced, near-bland, human figures. "My paintings are like absorbent cotton," he says. "They will pull you into them. They're not threatening. I don't slap your face, I rub your head." Asked how he reconciles the practical and the fantastical he shrugs, "I don't. They're just different facets of me, I guess."

The great bulk of his work was done under trying physical circumstances. He was in prison, on a 14-year stretch for trafficking in narcotics. On his first and only attempt to sell six pounds of heroin ("I was helping a guy out") he was busted and in 1971 he was sent to St. Vincent de Paul maximum-security penitentiary just outside Montreal. He quickly qualified to move to medium- and then minimum-security prisons, finally settling at the Leclerc Institute. He had decided to paint even as he was being arrested. "It had become clear to me that I was not cut out to be a dealer," he wryly admits. "I'm not devious enough. So I decided to paint. It had been around me all my life. My grandfather was an artist, my father, and my mother too. I never doubted I could do it. It was just a matter of learning the technique."



GRAETZ PHOTOGRAPHY



'Le Cliché' (above) and Pellus in his studio running battle with the prisons

Thus began a running battle between Pellus and Canada's penal system. Pellus wanted to paint and nothing else. Making licence plates or mailbags held no interest for him. Forced to conform to regulations, he did a bare minimum of work and spent the rest of the time in his cell, painting.

With public relations consultant Phyllis Padgham marketing his work on the outside, Pellus began to enjoy some return on his investment. Outside, he was building a reputation as an artist. Inside, he was building a reputation as a nonconformist, a prisoner who refused to abide by the laws of rehabilitation. Padgham began working on getting Pellus a parole. After he had been turned down in 1975, she had visited her MP Warren Allmand who, at the time, happened to be solicitor-general. His office advised Padgham on how appeals could be presented to the review board in Ottawa. Allmand's senior assistant, John Welch, remembers meeting Pellus on an inspection tour of Leclerc. "He was without a doubt, the rudest, most pompous individual I'd ever met." Pellus remembers, too. "I was told some big shot from Ottawa wanted to *see* me, *meet* me. Like I was some performing animal. When they brought him into

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the cell, I told him off." It took a long time for Padgham, Welch and others to convince Pellus to drop his scrappy stance, to play the game, to demonstrate the kind of change in attitude the parole board was looking for. But a second refusal of parole in 1976 nearly sent all interested parties up the wall. It resulted in Allmand dropping a note to the board in Ottawa, suggesting that perhaps the officials concerned should be taking into consideration the prisoner's own attempts at rehabilitation through painting. Pellus reapplied and parole came through in June, 1977.



GARY KITTS

Pellus' Picasso' you get your money back if you don't like the painting you bought.

The parole board had not only found Pellus' attitude disconcerting, it had been worried about his obsessive approach to painting. The mania with which he worked didn't augur a "balanced personality." And indeed, Pellus was churning out works at an astonishing clip. "I think I did 70 or 75 monochromes that first year (1972). I worked from whatever was around me, whatever I could get my hands on, which was mainly pictures out of *Playboy* and *Penthouse*."

From the realism of the early works, fantasy slowly emerged. "I was working on a painting [*Le Cliché*] of a kid looking out a window," Pellus remembers. "I just tried to imagine how a kid might see the world outside." That led to lemon-drop bushes, grape-colored clouds, and highways floating in midair, leading to castles in the clouds. Singing star Ginette Reno snapped one up when she appeared on a TV talk show with him, film-maker Robert Altman commissioned a poster for his ill-fated movie *Quintet* from Pellus and took two of his better works back to Hollywood with him, a Pellus self-portrait has graced the cover of *Weekend* magazine. Reluctant to follow the traditional gallery/exhibition route, he has hung works in the lobby of Montreal's theatrical complex, Place des Arts, and in the clubhouse of Vernon Downs racetrack in New York state. He has also exhibited at art fairs like Washington's Wash Art, the Basel Art Fair in Switzerland and this spring he had his own booth at New York's Artexpo.

Pellus is out to make his mark in the art world—the new North American mass market art world. An upwardly mobile, upper-middle-class young North America is into "lifestyle," meaning designer clothes, gourmet cooking and art—but affordable art. The demand for affordable art is strong enough to have spawned a network of publishers and wholesalers ready to supply. It has become an industry, and, as such, needs trade shows like Artexpo, held annually at the New York Coliseum. At Artexpo, Michel Pellus manned a booth festooned with the paraphernalia common to all industrial shows: a slide projector illustrating the Pellus catalogue, glossy brochures and souvenir stamps. The walls of the booth held originals which weren't for sale and samples of the prints which most definitely *were* for sale. In the course of the five-day show, distributors, wholesalers and browsers bought up copies of his current print edition, a three-piece suite called *Homage to the Masters*—Chagall, Dali and Picasso as seen by Michel Pellus. The art establishment—critics, gallery owners and artists alike—sneers at this kind of mass marketing. Michel Pellus sneers right back. "What am I supposed to do, sit back and wait until I'm discovered? And then let gallery owners take 40 to 50 per cent?"

Direct participation in the marketing of his work is just one more way of staying in control, something paramount to Pellus. He refuses to deal with galleries or be represented by an agent. Shortly after he got out of prison, he parted company with Phyllis Padgham, preferring to keep the reins of his career in his own hands.

Even the sale of an original is different with Pellus. You deal directly with him and be prepared for a sales agreement that guarantees him 20 per cent of the profits of any future sale of the work. There's also a stipulation that Pellus has the right of last bid in any future sale. In return, Pellus guarantees an appreciation of 20 per cent in the first two years you own the painting, 10 per cent if you only hang on to it for a year. And if you decide you don't like the painting within the first six months, he'll return your money.

At that rapacious rate of dealing, his output has diminished. "I was doing 30 to 35 a year inside," says Pellus. "Now I'm down to 10, maybe 12. The work has suffered only in that there are more distractions now, which tend to keep me out of the studio. But when I do paint, I paint with the same intensity I did in prison. It absorbs me totally."

But one of his faithful collectors, Gerald Schnitzer, a financial consultant in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, has reservations. Despite owning three originals, and a continuing admiration for Pellus both as an artist and as a man, Schnitzer is blunt. "He should not be marketing his own work. He's not handling it well," he says. "He's got to get over this businessman thing. He's got some money in his pocket now, and I'd like to see him get back into serious work." Pellus just smiles and shakes his head. "People seem to resent the fact that I can handle both the painting and the marketing. They still have this image of the artist with his feet off the ground and his head in the clouds," he says. "People react positively to my paintings, and that's enough for me. I don't need a cape and a beret to tell me I'm an artist." ✧



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Coleman: 'So much of what we do is baloney'

He has hauled trash in Harlem, dug sewers in Atlanta, worked heavy construction in New Jersey, made salads in a Boston restaurant, and milked cows on an Ontario dairy farm. But 58-year-old John Coleman is hardly your average odd-jobs drifter. His curriculum vitae also includes stints as president of Haverford College, a highly respected Pennsylvania liberal arts institution, and chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia.

For the past two years, Coleman, a native of Copper Cliff, Ontario, has been president of the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation in New York City. But don't get the idea that Jack Coleman lets a fancy title cramp his style. Deeply committed to the foundation's study of prison reform, Coleman has taken a characteristically unorthodox approach to the problem: he has had himself thrown in the slammer. Coleman has served up to a week in three penal institutions, including a stretch in solitary confinement in the Stillwater Maximum Security Prison in Minnesota. To round out his study of criminal justice, Coleman then reversed roles and worked as a prison guard in Connecticut and in Texas.

"It helps enormously to see both sides of the fence," says Coleman. "What I found disturbing about the guards and what disturbed me about myself when I was a guard was the cynicism, the toughness. There's a whole element of macho in it. You don't want to seem soft. And even if the guards don't really feel that way, there's great pressure to go along." From an inmate's point of view, Coleman recalls, "One of the worst aspects of prison life is the total dependence on the guards. You see the prisoners really becoming servile because they have to ask for everything they need. Everything becomes a favor. Even if you just need a light bulb, you're dependent on the guard's goodwill to get it for you."

Coleman on sabbatical as a trashman. 'It's important to get out of one a shoes'



ALEX WEBB MAGNUM PHOTOS

Coleman was not a pampered visitor in any of his incarcerations. Only the wardens knew his true identity. To the prisoners, he was a middle-aged alcoholic whose drinking had led to conviction for embezzlement. "It isn't too difficult to maintain a cover in jail," he notes. "If you want to talk, people will listen. If not, nobody will pry."

His worst moments came in the enforced idleness of a Texas county jail, a facility where prisoners are held awaiting trial or for short sentences of up to six months. "I can't really communicate what it was like to sit around with a dozen guys every day doing nothing, absolutely nothing at all. My cell mate had been there for six months just waiting for trial. There was 10 minutes of work a day neatening up the cell and then all you did was sit."

Sitting still, of course, is something Jack Coleman has never been very good at, in or out of jail. After graduation from the University of Toronto with a degree in economics and a stint in the Royal Canadian Navy, he sped through the professional ranks at the University of Chicago, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh before assuming the presidency of Haverford.

His father, a university graduate, was an engineer in Copper Cliff's smelting works. But his mother's family had been laborers in the same factory for generations. "My mother was not a well educated woman but she had friends in town from the mayor to the garbage man. I think that I really learned about the worth of people and about talking to people, from her."

Coleman put his mother's lessons to their severest test in 1972 when he took a sabbatical from Haverford and roamed the country in a Ford Toronado, picking up blue-collar jobs. He recounted his experiences in *Blue Collar Journal—A College President's Sabbatical*, a book that was later made into a television drama.

Coleman, who has written on the joys of trash-collecting for *The New York Times*, himself hotly denies his adventures are mere grandstand plays for celebrity. "People are always asking me why I do these things. It's really a difficult question to answer." Musing on his variegated career, he says, "I can't analyse why but I just think it's important to get out of one's shoes for awhile. So much of what we do is real baloney. All I can tell you is that when I worked in a restaurant and made a sandwich, if I saw a kid enjoying it, that made me happy."

Rita Christopher

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The lunch-hour drug and other legal highs

By Sarah Henry

CLOSEUP



ALAIN MASSON

The proprietor of a Toronto Yonge St. shop with some over-the-counter chemicals a two-minute trip and then back to work

Over the past two years, nitrous oxide (its friends call it laughing gas) has drifted from the dentist's office to the street below, where it has taken firm root as a popular over-the-counter, counterculture chemical. Its charms include a fleeting but intense euphoria lasting about one minute. It is inexpensive. It is neither habit-forming nor inhaled in moderation is it dangerous. But most important, until recently it was legal.

Jack Kwinter, proprietor of a small Toronto "head shop" called The Peanut Gallery, calls nitrous oxide "the drug of the '70s." He views it as the ideal mind-altering substance for a hectic, urban environment, where there's often little time to drop the reins of reality. For just 75 cents, Kwinter would routinely transfer the gas from a small metal canister into a balloon for his customers to inhale right then and there in his store. "We had a lot of businessmen coming in. Say you have a conference in two hours and you want to get high but you don't want to stay high. You do laughing gas and get devastated for one or two minutes, then you're straight again."

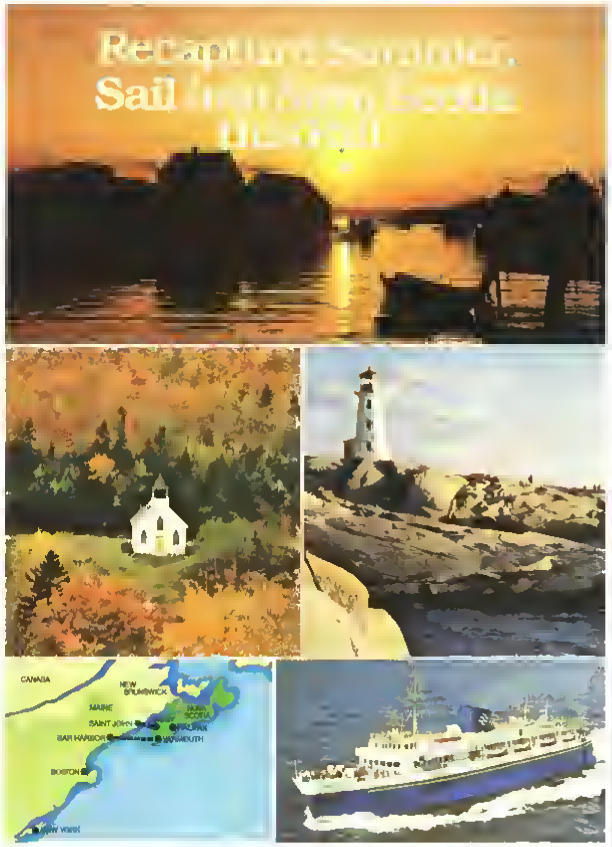
But the federal health department wasn't laughing. In recent weeks, inspectors have paid visits to The Peanut Gallery and dozens of other head shops throughout the country, advising owners of a new regulation prohibiting sale of laughing gas to the public. Anyone caught can be charged (though, so far, none has been) under the Food and Drug Act, in effect, laughing gas has been restored to its traditional territory—primarily dentistry, where it is used as a light anesthetic, and bakeries, where it is used to make whipped cream.

While nitrous oxide seems innocuous enough, health officials argue that anything that blocks the normal flow of oxygen through the body poses potential dangers, chief among them damage to brain cells. Too much laughing gas over an extended period can cause "dullness, forgetfulness and difficulty comprehending," says Dr. Ian Henderson, director of Ottawa's bureau of drugs. Predictably, laughing gas enthusiasts view this intervention as just one more example of the continuing struggle between the heads and the feds. "With anything that's fun, cheap, and legal, the government will step in," complains Kwinter. "It's a real shame they felt they had to clamp down on something like this."

There are several other products sold in drug paraphernalia shops which purport to be legal highs—compelling commodities for a population which recognizes that marijuana won't be decriminalized in the near future. But most of these substances, with misleading brand names like Opium and Hashish ("pure distillate of wild lettuce" appears in somewhat smaller print), aren't so much turn-ons as ripoffs—as effective as taking an Aspirin and letting your mind wander.

But there is one exception. Isobutyl nitrite, a close cousin of amyl nitrite, lowers the blood pressure slightly, makes the heart beat faster, causes flushing and relaxes some muscles. Before it was replaced by more effective drugs, amyl nitrite was inhaled by patients with angina pectoris to relieve pain in the heart. But for most of its 95-year history, isobutyl nitrite has had no medical application. However, in the past three years, marketed as "liquid incense" by a California firm, called Pacific Western Distributing Corp., under





The crowds have gone but summer lingers on mellowing into warm golden days and clear, crisp nights. Nova Scotia becomes softer ripe with the colours of autumn, even the sea seems more tranquil. This fall you can find this special second summer in Nova Scotia. And better still, enjoy a relaxing sea voyage while getting there. Both the handsome Bluenose* from Maine and the sleek Princess of Acadia* from New Brunswick provide sea-going short cuts that'll save you hours of tedious driving and get you to all that's beautiful in Nova Scotia quicker. Both auto ferries are very popular so please remember to make the necessary reservations.

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CN Marine NOVA SCOTIA

the names Rush, Bolt and LR (which apparently stands for locker room), isobutyl nitrite has gained a considerable following. While the chemical may prompt nausea, headache and even fainting, there is no evidence it represents a significant hazard to health. In any case, since it is ostensibly a room odorizer, it is questionable whether it could be dealt with under any drug regulation.

Sniffed straight from the amber container, Rush and its relatives cause the heart to leap and the head to whirl—not to mention a distinct surge in profits for its San Francisco manufacturers. Pacific Western Chairman W. Jay Freezer, estimates North American retail sales for the industry of $24 million last year.

Isobutyl nitrite's current vogue can be largely attributed to the sexual mythology that has sprung up around it. Says Henderson: "There have been many reasons given to us—the high feeling, that it prolongs orgasm, that it increases the size of the penis because it affects the blood vessels." The health department first became aware of the chemical's popularity 18 months ago when reports came in that some male homosexuals were using it to relax muscles to ease anal intercourse as well as to heighten orgasm. Next, news filtered in that it was being sprayed in a couple of discos in Toronto and Montreal. "We were told by some of the kids that it produced a dizzy feeling that makes them feel very abandoned," Henderson said, adding that the low concentration in the air would be unlikely to cause any real change. Several months ago, the department had its first real twinge of anxiety when it received word that the "popper" craze had caught on with middle-aged couples. "We became worried that it was getting into an age group where there are heart problems," says Henderson. "What about a person who has high blood pressure and doesn't know it? What about someone who has high blood pressure and is taking medication?"

To answer those questions, the chairman of the University of Ottawa's department of pharmacology, Dr. Radhey Lal Singhal, and associate professor Dr. Michael MacConaill will measure the effects of the commercial isobutyl nitrite on a small group of health volunteers later this summer, then report their findings to the federal government. Singhal says subsequent studies may be set up to examine its effects on animals with coronary artery disease and to determine the likelihood of an adverse reaction when taken with drugs used to treat high blood pressure.

Muscles for money: the brawn drain to the U.S.



Six years ago a skinny young racer plunked herself down on the floor beside Halifax's Centennial Pool, extended two perfectly ordinary 13-year-old legs, then splayed her toes wide, laying them like fingers on the deck. Swimming sensation Nancy Garapick was demonstrating the importance of flexibility to a group of attentive young racers—the sort of extreme flexibility that helped her kick her way to a 100-metre backstroke Olympic record two years later. But the days when she will teach, and compete against, Canadians in Canada are coming to an end. Shortly after the Pan American Games, which begin in Puerto Rico next week, Garapick will become one of this nation's absentee athletes, part of the brawn drain to the rich and talent-laden world of American collegiate athletics.

Only three years after the Montreal Olympics, which inspired the federal government to pump some $70 million into amateur sport, there are more Canadian athletes than ever at American universities. "It's not just the money," says David Lachs, editor of Vancouver's *Athletica* magazine. "When you are 17 and you get 12 letters from American colleges inviting you to attend it makes you feel important."

Besides Garapick, there are at least 13 of Canada's best swimmers in the United States. Joining her at Arizona State University alone will be five other Canadian swimmers, while Alberta's Graham Smith—star of the 1978 Commonwealth Games—swims for the University of California at Berkeley, and Steve Pickell for the University of Southern California. More than 100 track and field athletes have followed this path of least discomfort, and the list runs on to hockey players (so numerous lately that quotas are being slapped on Canadian recruits), football and basketball players, two rowers and scores of others.

Because of their enormous sports budgets, generated by huge profits from sports events, larger American universities are able to offer generous scholarships. These cover full or half tuition, books and a living allowance, as well as all transportation and equipment involved in competition and training. However, many of the top athletes also get some under-the-table money. As one Canadian weightlifter said: "I came out of the three years down there having paid nothing for my education and with some money in the bank." Tuition can run from $4,000 to $8,000. In Canada, carded athletes—those ranked highly in the country and world—get full tuition, a $50 monthly training allowance, and a $215 per month living allowance from the federal government, if they live away from home. But the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union (CIAU) will not recognize any university that grants athletic scholarships—Vancouver's Simon Fraser University is the only one in Canada to offer such scholarships, and it competes only against junior colleges in the U.S.

Debbie Brill of B.C., one of the world's best high jumpers, decided against an American collegiate career because, she says, female track athletes are still treated like second-class people in the United States. But in Canada there are other frustrations. "College sport just doesn't exist here," she says. Brill has seen the results of the top-flight competition that she often misses by remaining in Canada. "Before I began competing, the best were jumping about five feet, five inches. When I suddenly started doing six feet, within a few months so were a number of others."



Other world-class athletes, like Diane Jones Konihowski, pentathlon specialist, and Olympic silver medalist high jumper Greg Joy, have also bypassed university funding. But because of their fame and excellence, they have been able to tap a source of money not available to most athletes—corporate sponsorship. But that does not guarantee that they will stay in Canada—Joy trains in Florida.

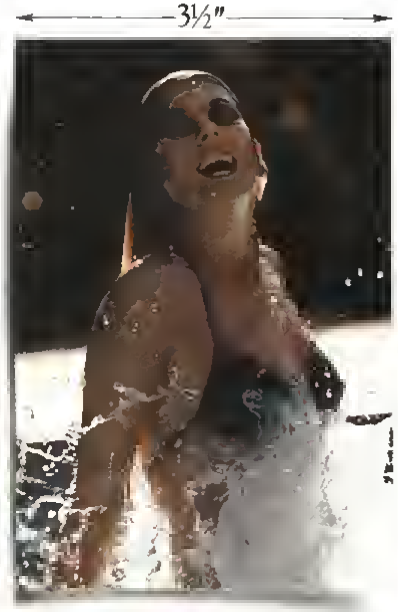
"If we developed university programs like the U.S., most athletes would choose to stay," says Marion Lay of Sport Canada, a former national team swimmer. But the price would be brutally high. "Ohio [University] spends $8 million on their athletic programs, but we only spend $11 million in all of Canada." So it is that the performance of many Canadian athletes during the Pan American Games will depend on how well their American coaches have prepared them.

Alison Griffiths



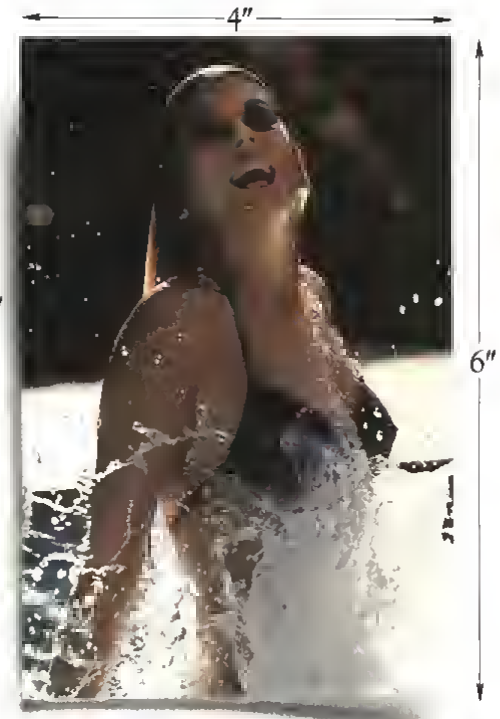
Nancy Garapick (below), Graham Smith (top) and Debbie Brill. Canada grows them, but it takes U.S. coaches to get them ready.

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Make It A Carlsberg.

Letters

Other voices, other rooms

John Bentley Mays's article *Taking It on the Road* (June 4) is introduced in the table of contents as dealing with "the first decade of Canadian theatre, a new generation of Canadian playwrights." This article, ostensibly about Canadian playwrights, is in fact exclusively about a specific clique of young, male, hip Toronto playwrights who deal with two or three specific, hip Toronto theatres. You have chosen very fine playwrights. The problem lies in what and whom you have omitted. It hurts to imagine people assuming that this constitutes the full extent of the new Canadian playwriting. In Vancouver, I see remarkable work being done by a score of playwrights, a half-dozen theatres and the unique New Play Centre. Rural B.C. is becoming a breeding-ground of some extraordinary, often truly radical, professional theatre and that is just what I am aware of out here. Ten or even five years ago, Toronto was the undisputed centre, and perhaps it is still the only Canadian city that some New York producers are aware of, but in many places in Canada, New York recognition is not the only criterion of notable theatre. With all due acknowledgment to the exciting Toronto scene of the early '70s, those who went before and those who have followed must be included in any accounting of what is going on now.

JOHN LAZARUS, VANCOUVER

The workingclass of '79

Although I found the article *The Class of '79* (June 11) most interesting, I was disturbed that Jane O'Hara neglected to mention the graduates of Canada's community colleges. While university enrolment continues to drop, community colleges find themselves having to fight for larger facilities. Ontario alone will have to turn away more than 15,000 applicants to community colleges this fall. Recently released figures show that upward of 80 per cent of community college graduates are working within their chosen fields of study. Two years ago I dropped out of university to study business administration at an Ontario community college and, although I won't have a long string of letters following my name upon graduation, I am assured of finding a good job.

ALAN SWITZER, PEMBROKE, ONT.

As one of the "35 per cent" who has just graduated in a liberal arts program this year and who plans to join that "19.2 per cent" in education in 1980, I fail to see how anyone could accept Jane O'Hara's generalizations about either the '60s or '70s grads. Since when do the communes and hippie love-ins of the '60s demonstrate thoughtful or serious attempts to "make a better world?" It seems to me that the '60s were in many ways, very inward-looking years for college and university students: self-centred individuals escaping from reality via drugs, free sex and, in certain cases, immature and unnecessary violence. I would argue that the class of '79 is just as concerned to make the world a better place, it is quieter, more conservative and a bit more mature because times are harder. It cannot afford to be quite so radical when social politics are being cut back and funding for all levels of education is slashed. It was not mere self-interest which motivated the protest against the erosion of the quality of education in Toronto last year.

CATHERINE FUYARCHUK, NEPEAN, ONT.



STEVE MAKA ©

Grad Dava Segal: soma don't naad latters

The vole people

Congratulations to Peter C. Newman on the excellence of his editorial *Getting Happy: Is It a Frame of Mind, Habit of Heart or a Gist of the Genes?* (May 28). As an undergraduate, some 30 years ago, I was particularly enamored of George Santayana, the philosopher, and delighted to see Newman quote him. Santayana had a peculiarly apt way of expressing himself, often poetically. Psychology students nowadays have never heard of him but more often of some glib illiterate technician whose surmise is more typical of a vole.

H.N. McLEOD, PROFESSOR AND CHAIRMAN, LAKEHEAD UNIVERSITY, THUNDER BAY, ONT.

An aye for an eye

I feel no sympathy at all for John Spenkelink in *A Switch to the Bad Old Days* (June 4). Instead of dwelling, as you did, on the grim details of the execution, why don't you describe the deaths of the victims of these murderers? As a citizen, my sense of justice is offended if murderers are not executed, so long as there is no reasonable doubt of their guilt. If the relatives and friends of murder victims become convinced that the law will not exact a fair retribution for a deliberate taking of an innocent life, they will seek solutions outside the law, and then you will see a "barbaric age."

P. HARRISON, OTTAWA

A not-so-plain Jane

In Rita Christopher's *Happy Days Are Here Again* (May 28) I was amazed to read "... a significant number of respondents volunteered to trade places

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Letters



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Happiness beyond the dirty joke book

with Jackie Kennedy or Robert Redford what was more interesting was the number who opted to remain John Doe and Jane Smith." It is, of course, a pleasure to see my name among these famous people. I have only seen my name in print once before and it was in a dirty joke book.

JANE SMITH, BRACEBRIDGE, ONT.

A tale of two cities

I enjoyed Fred Blazer's article *Montreal Moxie in Tidy, Tepid Toronto* (June 18) on Toronto and Montreal nightlife. While there definitely is a vast difference between the two, it is not only attributable to the earlier closing hour in Toronto. Montreal bars are friendly, more natural and much more relaxed. A walk down Crescent Street in Montreal is a genuinely exhilarating experience, the pubs are filled with atmosphere and the people are always anxious to extend a warm welcome. A walk down Toronto's Yorkville Avenue guarantees a quick exposure to that boring, insecure collection of Toronto's "beautiful people" who have plenty to wear but nothing to say. A tour of Toronto's singles' bars is another frustrating journey into the nothingness made up of posed, starchy people looking for the nearest mirror. Toronto did not earn its position as Canada's "Big Apple"—it fell upon us because of the tremendous influx of people in the late '60s and early '70s. You can build one skyscraper after another, but you cannot change an atmosphere which has existed for 50 years. Toronto needs a whole lot less of what it does have and more of what it doesn't.

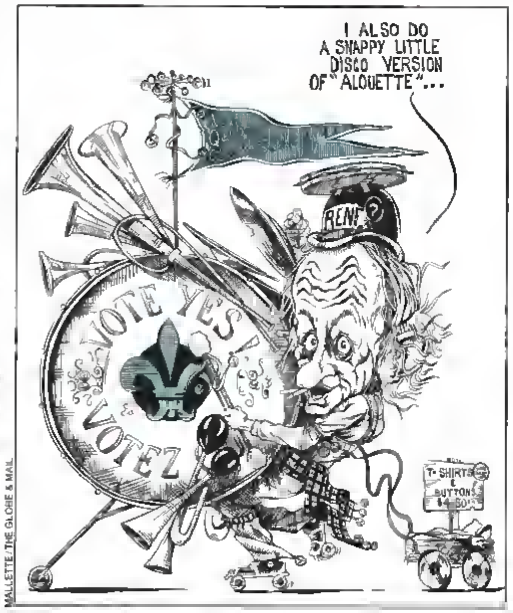
ALAN SKELLY, TORONTO

'Come hell or high water'

By David Thomas

At last in slumber after his final evening of brooding over the timing of Quebec's referendum on secession from Canada, René Lévesque was suddenly roused by a ghastly scream penetrating the narrow lanes of Quebec City's walled Latin Quarter. The premier jumped from bed, rushed to the window and stretched forward to scan the street below. But, instead of discovering the source of the cry, Lévesque suffered a deep gash above the eyebrows the window was closed.

Lévesque's supporters hope his vision was not so obstructed by unseen obstacles a few hours earlier last Tuesday when, alone, he chose next spring as the time Quebeckers will be asked to brave another step toward independence. The premier announced his decision Thursday, his forehead still carrying the bandaged evidence of his bout with political strategy and the closed window, and set out a timetable of action that will ensure that the referendum issue eclipses all others during the coming 12 months. A white paper laying out the government's arguments why Quebeckers should favor the Parti Québécois' promise of sovereignty and economic association with English Canada will be published this autumn followed by, just before Christmas, disclosure of the proposed referendum question. The winter months of 1980 will be dominated by National Assembly debate of the question and then, sometime after Easter, "come hell or high water," Quebec's four million voters will be asked to say YES or NO to what the premier described last week as "a mandate to repatriate all of our taxes and legislative powers, all the while maintaining economic links with Canada."



MALLETTE/THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Two principal reasons were cited by Lévesque for not rushing to a vote this fall: the first consideration is the menace of social disturbance should current negotiations with hospital workers, teachers and public servants deteriorate into massive strike action. The second concern, voiced magnanimously, is the need to allow a period of time for federalist forces to come up with their own solid proposals for a new Canada. That reprieve for federalists is less generous than it sounds. Lévesque believes English Canada is unwilling to concede the powers and status to Quebec that will make continued federalism an attractive alternative to undecided voters. Even if Liberal leader Claude Ryan does offer a promising scheme to renew federalism, Lévesque will have something to attack.

Already he is flailing at Ryan's own strategy, which is to achieve support in English Canada for a major constitutional change before arguing his cause in the referendum campaign. Ryan, ironically, asserts that his bargaining strength with English-Canadian leaders is the very presence of the Parti Québécois government. "The peril is there to be coped with vigorously—that will certainly help the rest of the country and ourselves arrive at conclusions more satisfying than those which would have been possible a few years ago." But Lévesque turns Ryan's constant consultations with leaders of the other provinces against him, saying the Liberal leader "wants to pre-negotiate acceptance of his ideas in the rest of Canada before coming to tell Quebeckers what he stands for."

Though he obviously was blind to the parallel, Lévesque and his government are using a similar approach in devising the referendum question. Using $57,000 of public funds, the PQ government is currently surveying the population through a private polling firm to help design its campaign for separation. Some of the poll interrogations appear merely silly. "There is generally a flag on public buildings. Which do you prefer it to be, the Maple Leaf or the *fleurdelisé*?" But others are clear tests of possible referendum questions. "If, instead of asking you to support sovereignty-association, the government of Quebec asks you to give it *a mandate* to negotiate sovereignty-association with the rest of Canada, would you be willing, yes or no, to give it such a mandate?"

Meanwhile, reaction from Ottawa to this, the start of the referendum countdown, seemed strangely unconcerned. Prime Minister Joe Clark repeated his alliterative promise of "a fresh face for federalism," while his only francophone Quebec MP, Supply and Services Minister Roch LaSalle, said the Conservative government hasn't yet planned a referendum strategy. So, while Quebec echoes with the cries of the fight for its future, English Canada continues to butt its head against a closed window, wondering what all the fuss is about.

Newfoundland takes off



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

By Lawrence O'Toole

At a Tory rally in St. George's on Newfoundland's arable west coast, an elderly man with one leg dropped his crutches and began dancing. Up on the stage an accordion player and fiddlers were turning out tunes a mile a minute. Urged by encouraging voices whose rapacious Irish tones would have made James Joyce jump for joy, the one-legged gent kept at it. "If you doesn't have two," he said, "then you does it on one."

If there's an image of Newfoundland—a province so misunderstood that its stereotype is the strongest of all—quaint coves, cod, dumb Newfies—it's that of dancing, not just walking, on one leg. Now, with Canada's second youngest premier* at its helm, 36-year-old Alfred Brian Peckford, it's headed for what seems to be an incredibly affluent future. Last week, after one of the most unorthodox and exciting turns of political events in recent memory, the Tories trounced the Grits 33 seats to 19, gaining more than 50 per cent of the popular vote. For Peckford, the Outport Premier, it meant a clear mandate to develop Newfoundland's burgeoning resources "in our own way, in our own bay." For former minister of external affairs Don Jamieson, the most widely known figure there (next to Joey Smallwood), who rushed back to lead the Liberals after the surprise election was called, it meant rejection. Though a native son, he had spent too much time (13 years) away in Ottawa. For the Liberal party of Canada, it means nothing less than annihilation after a last-gasp chance to regain a foothold in the country.

Peckford wants total provincial jurisdiction over off-shore oil which, if it produces as much as predicted, could make Newfoundland "the Alberta of the East." More than $1 billion in investment flowed into the province last year, even more is expected in 1979 and the gross domestic product is forecast to go up a robust three per cent. Hydro power, forestry and fisheries (apart, perhaps, from depleted cod—see box) are teeming with promise and unimaginable amounts of ore may be hidden in the barren, unexplored rentre of the island. Peckford has vowed to bring Newfoundland into the '80s after "squealing and squawking into Confederation."



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Packford rallies voters (laft) and chaars his victory 'ravolution batween tha aars'

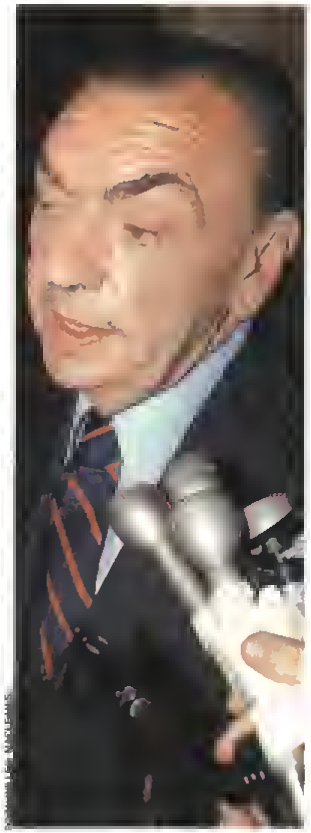
As minister of energy, mines and resources in the previous PC government under Frank Moores, the Outport Premier fought foreign investors for control of off-shore oil. They took up their derricks and went home. He waited them out. They came back—but on his terms. He is now applying the same tactics to the sale of the Come By Chanre oil refinery—one of Canada's largest bankrupteies—and is holding off on the signing with First Arabian Corp. SA until environmental safeguards and a return on the province's $50-million mortgage are assured. "We've allowed the mainland and the U.S. to tell us who we are. I'm sick and tired of that," he storms, claiming that no development will take place unless it benefits what he and other Newfoundlanders endearingly call The Rock. As he put it, "I love this old Rock."

Peckford's stress on pride of place and heritage during the campaign worked wonders. He appealed to a burning desire to trample the province's inferiority complex, calling for a "revolution between the ears." A man-of-the-people in extremis, having grown up angry at the Newfie stereotype, he blasted "superficial ways of acting 'Up Along.'" Be true-blue Newfoundlanders and proud of it was the thought at the vanguard of his campaign. Therein he found the perfect common denominator: he explained the rationale behind his position on off-shore oil by turning it into a Newfie joke, with the mainland the subtle butt of it. Newfoundland, he said, wouldn't be satisfied with accepting transfer payments for rights from Ottawa—it would be like someone winning a big lottery and afraid to pick up the prize for fear of losing his unemployment benefits. The audience at the rally howled—and understood.

Consistently and poignantly generous to a fault in the past, Newfoundlanders have stood by trustingly as their plenitude of resources—especially mining and energy—has been raped. Since it became part of Canada 30 years ago, Newfoundland has been steered along its rough course by Joey Smallwood who, having acted as midwife, moved into motherhood with a terrible tenacity. In 1972, it finally cut the umbilical cord to Joey and the Liberals after 23 years, thereafter becoming politically aware in a way it had never been before. Even the Moores government came under the sternest scrutiny when re-elected in 1975, plagued by outcries of alleged corruption. (Moores stepped down as leader a few months ago.) The Liberals, dispersed like the residents of Babel after the 1972 defeat, were still seorned for their post sins. And that new political consciousness led the way for the election of a virtual unknown outside his province, Peckford, over an international figure, Jamieson.

What sets Newfoundland apart from other provinces, besides a lot of water, is the equal fervor applied to fact and feeling. *That* hasn't changed, and that's why campaigning in Newfoundland isn't your run-of-the-mill glad-handing and being intimate with infants. In isolated Grand Bruit, on the rugged southwest coast, a village of 100 souls, accessible only by boat or helicopter, marvelled at the arrival of a giant mechanical bird carrying Peckford through the sky as though it were the mothership from *Close Encounters*. It was the first

Jamieson: a coupla of vicious whirls



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

time a Newfoundland premier had set foot there. Rain pelted down. A wild wind whipped the already ruddy faces. "I'm too excited to be cold," said one shivering woman. Farther along the coast at Petites, isolated too, a 60-year-old fisherman, Maxwell Courtney, summed up Newfie spirit referring to elections. "You asks for everything, b'y, and you hopes you gets something." His wrinkles rearranged themselves into a smile which, in the future, will probably be there more often.

No matter the inclemencies of weather and fortune, Newfoundlanders still use politics as an excuse to have a good time. In Clarenville, a blonde and buxom woman grabbed Liberal leader Don Jamieson and gave him a couple of vicious whirls around the floor until he was out of wind and arrived on the stage, face flushed and puffing to beat the band. The PCs flew in an octogenarian fiddler for the St. George's rally. In Port-aux-Basques, Minnie White squeezed songs out of her accordion and tapped her left foot as though there were no tomorrow. All over the island it was "swing around this one, swing around that one." People got up from their seats to step-dance. It was enough to tire the Devil. And fun.

That was precisely what Peckford provided in his campaign, juicing up every speech with jokes, lading on the viscous accent. He has enough corn in him to fill a silo, enough charisma to have some left over for Joe Clark—and that's a lot. With his booming, clarion voire and Svengali-like eyes, he fixed his audiences. His oratory owes something to Joey Smallwood—he shoves his hands in his jacket pockets the way others place thumbs in suspenders, thrusting forth his torso in a brazen display of cockiness. In Newfie terms, he can be "real sauey" when called upon.

And he's a dynamo. Whereas Jamieson hit, say, five communities a day, Peckford made 10. His helicopter grounded one day, he got out on the road and hitched to the next rally. He wolfs down his food as though a second set of teeth would take care of the chewing. To the waitress "That was just lovely, darling." It was "sweetheart" and "darling" and "b'y" to all. As Alice Mainse from St. George's put it, "He's, well, you know, so *common*."

In the rush to judgment last week, brash "bay boy" Peckford totalled big-gun Jamieson. Jamieson's a "townie," Peckford's from South Brook, an outport. The difference between the two is more or less the difference between a Newf and a mainlander. Some resentment reared its head in the form of people feeling cheated because Jamieson's federal district alone benefited from his stay in Ottawa. Sneered one St. John's fellow, "In his own district everything

*Youngest Bennett Campbell of P.E.I., a year younger to the day

that don't move is paved." On June 18, Newfies extended their legendary hospitality only so far.

When Peckford cunningly called an election just days after the Tory win nationwide, a PC majority appeared a fait accompli. There was great dissension in the Liberal caucus and it was caught by surprise. That is until the party executive "drafted" Jamieson to lead them. It was enough to start a small sweat in Tory ranks.

Jamieson's arrival in St. John's was heralded as an event of messianic proportion. Feeling ran high those first few days as party members and nostalgic Newfoundlanders (Jamieson read the evening news for years on CJON TV) rallied round what seemed a surefire slogan—BRING DON JAMIESON HOME FOR GOOD. (One open-line caller was moved to inquire whether he should bring his own palm fronds.) But the very day Jamieson arrived was the apogee of a hurried, poorly organized Liberal campaign. The romance of the return faded and, at his last rally, careworn after two months of campaigning federally, Jamieson looked frail. His speeches were amorphous, his program paltry. He studiously avoided mentioning how the provincial coffers could cope with his one promise—a three-year freeze on domestic electricity rates costing $10 million dollars a year in revenue.

Meanwhile Peckford, with the help of The Fish and Chips Kids home from Ottawa—Fisheries Minister Jim McGrath and Finance Minister John Crosbie—was making good on his achievements, which he loudly trumpeted. The sale of a vacated linerboard mill to Abitibi Paper Co. followed hard on the heels of a federal-provincial agreement for $15 million toward converting the mill into newsprint production. The feds also picked up 90 per cent of the tab on $26 million for an industrial park in Corner Brook, and an $11-million agreement on forestry development, an area previously neglected. They will pay the total cost for a $15 million syncrolift for the St. John's dockyard.

But despite the province's rosy state of health, Newfoundland still has the highest rate of unemployment in Canada (16.5 per cent). The provincial debt, abetted some $1.5 billion during the previous Tory rule, hovers around $2.6 billion. And in addition to that, there's the estrangement of Labrador to worry over. As much as Newfoundland may be set adrift from the mainland, so are the 30,000 inhabitants of Labrador from the island itself. Almost three times the island's size, it has been unwieldy and largely neglected. The vote there was split down the middle and there have been rumblings of separation which one resident said "weren't idle and were gathering momentum." Peckford attributes the alienation to "sheer communications problems." For that reason an immediate priority will be to elicit "meaningful input" from Ottawa in areas of transportation. Newfoundland wants the Trans-Canada Highway upgraded and its own railroad—"forever."

Peckford now stands, enviably, watching a horizon ready to expand beyond the province's dreams. The former schoolteacher, who reads Locke, Hobbes and the Romantic poets, wants The Rock to reap from its own resources. And he wants to preserve the unique culture there. "You can have all the oil and gas you want, but if you don't have happy people then it's just no good."

The word is out that Newfoundland, for so long hobbling along on one leg, has now got a new one. "If man is an island," muses Peckford about his philosophical bedside reading, "then we'll make it a good island, won't we?"

With the province so rich in the future, what about all the Newfies who have left? "We'll give them a free trip home," he says, squeezing an expatriate's arm. "You can take the boy out of the bay, but you can't take the bay out of the boy."

Where have all the codfish gone?

One of the bright stars on the horizon for Newfoundland is supposed to be the economic revival of the fishery yet the first action by Ottawa's new minister of fisheries—Newfoundland's own Jim McGrath—was to announce a ban on fishing cod on the Grand Banks. The ban, however, doesn't seem as serious as many Newfoundlanders still believe—and it should have long-term benefits.

The ban arose out of a Canadian proposal to two international fishery bodies meeting in Halifax last month and prohibits any direct netting of cod on the Grand Banks during 1980 and possibly longer. Its purpose: to help dwindling cod stocks replenish themselves. As recently as '67 or '68 there have been catches on the Banks as high as 226,000 metric tons," says Scott Parsons, director general of Atlantic operations for the federal fisheries department, "but the catches have been going down until last year's was only about 15,000 tons."



Cod roundup: like a huge herd of cattle

Scientific data says this particular stock—a stock being rather like a huge herd of cattle grazing over an area perhaps half the size of Alberta—should be able to give a sustaining yield of 80,000 to 100,000 tons. Obviously the larger catches of past years were much too high so drastic action was called for to restore the balance. Meanwhile short-term returns from the cod fishery should not be seriously affected because the Grand Banks have produced less than 20 per cent of the total East Coast cod catch in recent years by all nations (only 5.5 per cent last year) and Canadian fishermen depend on it even less.

Ironically Canada's institution of the 200 mile limit within which foreign ships must agree to observe quotas has worsened the situation. Foreign ships have been discovered to gather their quota then move just beyond the line and gather more—and unfortunately nobody has warned the cod about the boundary on the fishing charts. However it was the surveillance and research Canada has done since establishing the 200 mile limit that first revealed the threat of dwindling cod stocks.

Robert Plaskin



MAGNUM UPC

Clark meets summit ambassadors Giorgio Smoquina, Italy; Xavier Daufresne de la Chevalerie, France; Tom Enders, U.S.; Michiaki Suma, Japan; shooting galleries

Facing up to a barrel of trouble

By Robert Lewis

Although Japanese office workers have made the dark colored, lightweight suit a patrimonial uniform, the government recently decreed that short-sleeve summer jackets are in and that neckties can be left at home. The reason Japan wants to cut back on use of air conditioners in the steamiest of seasons—part of a broader program of energy restraint that has service stations closing on Sundays, the national airline reducing flights and a major boat-builder experimenting with sailing ships. The Japanese, dependent on increasingly costly imported oil for 99 per cent of their needs, fear nothing less than the collapse of their post-war economic miracle.

As the leaders of seven industrial nations, including Canada's Joe Clark, began arriving for this week's economic summit in Tokyo along with thousands of officials and reporters, there were few signs that the message of restraint had stuck. The streets of the neon-bathed Ginza and the clubs of the Shinjuku districts were clogged. Even the Kansai Cooperative of necktie-makers struck back, urging a boycott of the country's biggest bank because employees worked *sans cravat*. "The government," sighed a Japanese official, "has left its oil conservation program to the wisdom of the people. But the people have extended little co-operation."

Appropriately, getting the energy message across to the 583 million oil-guzzling citizens of the seven nations loomed as the chief benefit of the summit. As a Canadian briefing note put the challenge last week: "Most industrialized nations, including Canada, will be hard pressed to meet current oil product needs for gasoline and simultaneously rebuild stocks of heating oil to desired levels for the coming winter." Typically, an American official was more plainspoken. "There is no way our leaders can leave Tokyo without taking concrete decisions on what to do about energy, including oil." In the long-term, warned Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Sheik Yamani, the developing oil crisis could become so crucial "as to make the current situation appear like a mere event of trivial consequence."

Adding urgency to the mission was a Geneva meeting of the 13-member oil-producers' cartel, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), scheduled to open 48 hours before the Tokyo summit. As the OPEC deliberations began, their official price for oil was $18.45 per barrel, but "spot" sales over the counter in Rotterdam approached $40 and other states were adding surcharges. When even moderate Saudi Arabia last week declared that it had no intention of raising current production levels, the only uncertainty about Geneva was what the higher OPEC price would be. (Advance predictions were around $20.)

With only 15 per cent of the world's population, the seven nations assembled at Tokyo consume almost 60 per cent of the world's oil. Since January, mainly because of production cutbacks in Ayatollah Khomeini's Iran, prices of fuel have risen by almost 30 per cent. Roughly one third of Canada's oil is imported (400,000 barrels per day from Arab states and about 200,000 from Venezuela, one of the founders of OPEC). Clark pledged in the recent campaign to make Canada independent of foreign imports by the 1990s and last week Energy Minister Ray Hnatyshyn announced the government will proceed with a previously agreed increase on the price of domestic oil on July 1 to $13.75. The increase is part of the previous Liberal government's policy of gradually allowing domestic prices to attain world levels and, come September, will add three to five cents to a gallon of gasoline at the pump.

Hnatyshyn was noncommital on the matter of another prearranged $1 increase next January. But at a private meeting with ambassadors from the

summit nations last week, Clark allowed that his government wants to see a faster move to world price levels for domestic oil. He also revealed that while new efforts will be made by Ottawa to encourage energy conservation, there is no plan yet for the kind of mandatory controls that have turned U.S. roadways into combination queues and shooting galleries around gas stations.

Beyond those leaked accounts, little else was put out about Clark's plans for the summit. A panel of government officials briefing reporters, in fact, were downright skittish when asked about Canadian initiatives planned for the conference. "It's difficult to talk about Canada's concerns," said one bureaucrat cautiously. "Those are political questions—and views are still evolving in the government."

Because of his tender 40 years, Clark was expected to attract attention in a land ruled by gerontocracy. But he shared "new boy" honors with Japanese Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira and Britain's Margaret Thatcher, who enjoyed the added distinction of being the first woman summiteer since the gatherings started in 1975.*

The setting for the three formal sessions is the lavish state guesthouse, Geihinkan, which is modelled on Versailles and features a $48,000 oval table of Japanese cherrywood. Security will be the tightest in Japan's post-war history, eating up $2.7 million of the announced cost to the hosts of $7.4 million. In all, some 30,000 riot troops will be guarding a downtown core in which nonofficial vehicles—and, at times, pedestrians—will be banned. The Canadian delegation, including Clark, was housed in the tower of the New Otani hotel, the second largest in the world, where the first 20 floors were sealed off as an anti-terrorist buffer zone. The 49 Canadian reporters, technicians and photographers, in a nearby wing, needed an escort to meet with their own government contacts. At the Canadian Embassy alone, 280 troops were on guard and, over Tokyo, all private aviation and helicopter flights were banned.

The reason for the intense security was reports that members of the terrorist Japanese Red Army were making plans for action against the summit. Before the session opened, in fact, a marine distress flare was fired into Ohira's prime ministerial grounds and a blazing van was rammed into a fence surrounding the summit centre.

One of the leaders of the session was expected to be France's Valéry Giscard d'Estaing who, on the eve of the summit, ordered lower thermostat settings and strict enforcement of speed limits and imposed a $850-a-year tax on gas-guzzling cars. Giscard also has been promoting tough measures to clamp a lid on the spiralling cost of oil paid at Rotterdam—a proposal that was in harmony with talk in Japan of a consumer's cartel to counter OPEC. The West Germans, major and wealthy players at Rotterdam, feared the French proposal would drive the market away from Europe, leaving the continent helpless in a major supply crisis. At week's end, however, the French and Germans said they had resolved their differences, raising prospects that the seven summiteers can agree on a common purchasing policy at Rotterdam that stops short of antagonizing the oil-rich OPEC states.

The seven also were expected to extend their commitment last March to a five-per-cent cutback in oil imports and to take steps aimed at development of alternative energy sources.

For Joe Clark the summit was expected to be an exercise in fending off demands—from Japan for more coal, from Americans who want a special deal to participate in the western tar sands development, from the Germans for uranium for nuclear reactors—until he can tie down specifics in his policy of increasing the proportion of finished or processed goods Canada exports to the world.

Clark also was expected to hear directly from U.S. President Jimmy Carter that the Americans are unhappy with his plan to move the Canadian embassy in Israel. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski allowed privately last week that the Clark plan was "ill-advised"—a view shared by Canadian businessmen and Arab states (see page 23).

In Tokyo, Clark will enjoy the luxury of hanging back as more experienced players take over the stage. With a whole government at his disposal, including an Armed Forces 707 and 20 experienced officials, Clark is unlikely to repeat the gaffes of last January when, in Tokyo for example, he complained about translation delays which turned meetings into an "arthritic ballet." Nonswimmer Clark will even be spared questions about why he isn't cooling off after hours in the hotel pool for unexplained security reasons, it has been drained of water.

Because protocol ranking is determined by a leader's years in office, Canada drops from first place under Pierre Trudeau to last spot, just ahead of Roy Jenkins sitting in for the European Community. The other nations: France, the U.S., West Germany, Italy, Britain, Japan.

Those merciful men in their flying machines



MARRIE/EDMONTON JOURNAL

Dr. Bow (inset) hands May the vaccine in 1929 and re-enacts the scene with Bob Horner, Danny May and Russ Janzen: a reminder of Edmonton's unique history

While a Pacific Western Boeing 737 screamed down the runway of the Edmonton Municipal Airport, two leather-helmeted pilots crawled gingerly into the open cockpit of a 40-year-old biplane. The cheering of 70-odd well-wishers was drowned out by the jet's roar as the pilots, with goggles pulled down over their eyes, rode the chugging Fleet Finch skyward. A single quick circuit around the field and the tiny Finch—bright yellow with RCAF roundel markings—began a 600-mile journey northward to commemorate a similar takeoff and flight more than 50 years ago. All that was missing from this flashback in Canadian aviation history was a white silk scarf trailing from the cockpit.

It was a bitterly cold Jan. 2 morning in 1929 when one of Canada's most famous pilots, Captain Wilfred Reid (Wop)* May, accompanied by pilot Vic Horner, guided an open-cockpit Avro Avian from Edmonton to Fort Vermilion on a mission of mercy. Braving temperatures that fell as low as -33°F, and navigating their way through unknown territory and snowstorms which often had them flying as low as 100 feet, May and Horner carried urgently needed diphtheria vaccine to the tiny northern Alberta settlement of 550 natives and whites.

Last Thursday, with the temperature on the first day of summer a chilly 11°C under bleak, cloud-filled skies, civic and provincial dignitaries, along with members of the legendary aviators' families, gathered at the Edmonton airport where May and Horner began their famous 1929 journey. The 1979 flight of CF-AAE Finch, piloted on various legs of the journey by Edmonton Flying Club manager Russ Janzen, the Rev. Les Stahlke and by Denny May and Bob Horner, sons of the famous duo, was organized by the Lutheran Association of Missionaries and Pilots (LAMP), a society devoted to the spiritual needs of northern residents spread across 2½ million square miles of wilderness. The Finch carried with it a vial of diphtheria antitoxin along with two boxes of commemorative letters, stamped with historic postage, for the 1,900 people who donated $50 each to LAMP.

The original call for help came from Fort Vermilion's physician, Dr. Harold A. Hamman, who at 83 still practises medicine in Calgary and who was one of the invited guests to the ceremony. Dr. Hamman had diagnosed diphtheria as the cause of Hudson's Bay Manager Albert Logen's illness—and eventual death. Fearing a massive and uncontrollable outbreak of the dread disease, Dr. Hamman then dispatched two Fort Vermilion men to carry a distress telegram 280 miles to the Peace River telegraph office to wire for help. Alberta's deputy minister of health, Dr. Malcolm Ross Bow, was the man who handed the vaccine, wrapped in an old rug, to Wop. Dr. Bow, 92, was on hand last week to recreate his own part in the performance. To add to May's and Horner's problems, the charcoal heater used in the biplane's baggage compartment to keep the vaccine from freezing caught fire and they were forced to make an emergency landing and put out the blaze with snow. May and Horner finally resorted to stuffing the vials of vaccine into their clothes so that body heat would prevent freezing.

In almost mythical drama, May and Horner piloted their 75-horsepower Avian at speeds barely over 60 m.p.h., munching chocolate bars for nourishment and bundling their faces in wool to prevent frostbite. Despite that precaution, May suffered a frostbitten nose and lips. On their return, 10,000 cheering Edmontonians greeted the heroes.

It was the first time in Alberta that the airplane linked the north and the south together. Heroics aside, that in itself was a marvelous accomplishment," says Stahlke, executive director of LAMP and organizer of the commemorative journey. For Edmontonians, last week's flight was a reminder of their unique history. From there it was the airplane, not the Red River carts or pack canoes, that opened up the north.

Wayne Skene

**The nickname came from a young cousin's attempt at pronouncing Wilfred.*



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Thorpe: a lethal chisel in the flowers

World

A happier ending than Oscar's

Lawyers in London's hallowed Inns of Court were gleefully counting their winnings last week as the sensational trial of former Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe, 50, and three co-defendants accused of conspiracy to murder a onetime male model ended in acquittal after a marathon jury session of 52 hours. So great is the reputation around the Temple of Thorpe's defence counsel, George Carman, QC, rated one of the three best advocates in Britain and determined to win the case he saw as the crown of his career, that fellow barristers were openly laying bets on acquittal with outsiders, who erroneously thought the case was all sewn up the other way.

But if the verdict—which also cleared Thorpe on a second charge, incitement to murder—was expected in London's legal sanctums, to the public it came as a startling surprise like so much else in the lurid case which has set Britons on their ears for months and which Fleet Street freely dubbed the "trial of the century" because of its unprecedented charges against a leading politician. From the moment Jeremy Thorpe's counsel and the lawyers for co-defendants David Holmes and John le Mesurier announced the stunning news that their clients would not take the stand or call witnesses—Thorpe had said, when committed for trial, "I plead not guilty and will vigorously defend this matter"—no one really knew what to expect next. Of the four accused, only George Deakin took the stand in his own defence. However, the judge, Sir Joseph Cantley, taking two days to deliver his summing up, warned the jury of nine men and three women not to regard the defendants' decision as an admission of guilt. He also launched a startling attack on the credibility of the chief prosecution witnesses: plaintiff Norman Scott, ex-pilot Andrew Newton, allegedly the man Thorpe and Co. hired to kill him, and Peter Bessell, a former Liberal MP.

Scott, thundered the usually cherubic-looking judge, was a "liar, a crook, a fraud, a whiner, a sponger and a parasite", "a spineless, neurotic creature addicted to hysteria and self-advertisement," with a "vindictive attitude" toward Thorpe. "But of course he could still be telling the truth," the judge added as the courtroom reeled under his onslaught. Bessell, a lay preacher, was "sexually promiscuous ... and therefore a humbug. His evidence should be treated with suspicion." As for Newton, the judge, dismissed him as "highly incompetent" and "a chump." The judge also condemned some prosecution evidence as "tainted" by offers of money from press and broadcasting sources, and after those cliff-hanging hours the jury—which spent two nights in lonely isolation at a hotel—accepted this view. But even as police struggled to control the crowds besieging the Old Bailey, a few to cheer Thorpe's victory, there were murmurs that perhaps the last had not been heard of the Norman Scott affair, even if the central issue had been dealt with. Large sums of money had changed hands through an intermediary on the Channel Islands and the judge, in his summing up, indicated where some loose ends lay when he said it was not disputed that $48,000 from a Bahamas benefactor destined for the Liberal party had found its way to David Holmes. Thorpe had "told a number of stories that cannot all be true," said the judge. It is still not clear what happened to the money.

What was certain was that Britain's Old Bailey courtroom, scene of historic murder trials from Dr. Crippen to mass-killer Reginald Christie, had seen nothing as sensational with its mix of homosexuality in high and low places since Oscar Wilde's trial in 1895. In this case the brew was even steamier, containing near-farcical Mafia-style plots to throw Scott down a Cornish tin mine or cement his body under a new expressway. There were bizarre accounts of bungled assassination attempts, including one in which Newton, hiding a lethal chisel in a bunch of flowers, apparently went to meet Scott (the victim never turned up).

The final hours of the 31-day trial were as dramatic as the first. Perhaps the high point was a risky, flamboyant speech by Thorpe's counsel in which he described his client's story as a "Greek tragedy" of a gifted man brought down by "frailties and weaknesses." Of all the votes cast in his 20-year political career, the lawyer concluded with a dramatic flourish, the 12 at the Old Bailey were "the most important of his life." Last Friday, Thorpe and his wife, Marion, the former Countess of Harewood, who has steadfastly supported him through his ordeal, counted them with gratitude.

Carol Kennedy

China

Chairman Hua lowers his sights

It was a rare occurrence in Peking: a Chinese leader talking frankly about failings and shortcomings without pinning blame for them on someone else. Chairman and Premier Hua Guofeng, addressing the opening of the National People's Congress last week, confessed that his administration had underestimated the damage done by a decade of the Cultural Revolution and its aftermath and had been forced to alter its development plans.

Significantly, Hua used the word "we" and appeared to be offering a joint self-criticism on behalf of the entire leadership—including the man considered his major rival, Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping. Speaking of the "grave consequences" of the past 10 years, Hua admitted the leadership had not been "prudent enough." But if the fault was conceded, the leadership was quick to deny, through Ji Pengfei, secretary-general of the congress, that any heads would roll because of it.

One of the main tasks of the congress, expected to last until the end of June, is to slow down the runaway pace of "modernization" before it takes China lickety-split to bankruptcy. In capital construction, Hua said, far too many projects were being undertaken at the same time and determined efforts would be needed to restore sensible priorities. An economic plan for 1980, promised by a plenary session of the Chinese Communist Party Central Committee in December, was not on the Congress agenda. Ji Pengfei explained that planning would have to be done on a yearly basis during a three-year period of economic readjustment.

The congress will also dump the name "revolutionary committees," which the late Chairman Mao gave to organs of local administration in 1967. In future they will be called "People's Governments," reflecting the swing away from Mao's revolutionary politics which so disrupted China in the nearly 20 years after his attempted Great Leap Forward in 1958.

The influence of Mao was on the wane in other directions, too. Party veterans purged by him and rehabilitated since his death in 1976 were given positions of great influence at the congress. Among them are Bo Yibo, a top economic planner who is chairman of the budget committee, and former Peking mayor Peng Zhen, who was the first of Mao's enemies toppled in the Cultural Revolution and is now formalizing China's first codes of criminal procedure.

One of the most widely (and inaccurately) reported changes announced at the congress was a formula for the direct election of deputies to people's congresses at county level. The Chinese claimed that this represented a breakthrough to democracy. County residents would be able to suggest possible nominees for consideration by electoral committees and these could include non-Communists. But there is a great difference between being non-Communist and anti-Communist in China. Non-Communist "democratic parties," which made their peace with the Communists 30 years ago, are regularly paraded at "united front" gatherings. Anti-Communists continue to suffer suppression and, frequently, execution.

Indeed, it was the appearance of anti-Communists' opinions, challenging the system itself, on Peking's "democracy wall" that triggered the crackdown on all criticism of the party in March and the arrests of the most articulate campaigners for genuine democracy.

The leadership nevertheless clearly regards these elections as a safety valve against peasant restiveness and took further preventive steps in another direction. Despite suspected problems in balancing the budget and keeping inflation at bay, Hua announced that the government would raise the prices it pays for meat and grain, raising peasant incomes.

Official reports of the economic plan for 1979, presented to the congress, gave detailed statistical information of a kind that Peking has not made public for years. A modest budget surplus was reported for 1978, in contrast to a report in one of Hong Kong's Chinese-language newspapers, with usually reliable connections to Peking, which said Chinese leaders were deeply concerned by a budget deficit, rising unemployment and a problem of providing enough food for people to work on. But there seemed little doubt that such problems had not been far off before Chairman Hua and his associates lowered their sights.

You can't tell the players without a program

Maclean's is now using the Pinyin (phonetic spelling) system of romanization of the Chinese language, a change that was adopted by the Chinese government earlier this year.

Pinyin is less cumbersome than the formerly used Wade-Giles system (named after the two Cambridge university professors who developed it in the 19th century) and is closer to the actual Chinese sounds.

Pinyin has been used within China since 1958 when it was adopted to aid in the spread of a standardized Chinese throughout the country. The following are examples of the old and new system:

Wade-Giles	Pinyin
Hua Kuo-feng	Hua Guofeng
Teng Hsiao-ping	Deng Xiaoping

The letters are pronounced as in English except x (*sh* as in *she*) and q (*ch* as in *cheek*). Because of deeply rooted usage certain place names will not be changed—such as Peking and China itself.



Hua: lickety-split to bankruptcy



Jotti and fellow Communist Gerardo Chiaromonte, unequalled in opera

When the love affair is over

The Italian general election has not yet produced a government. But last week in a romantic gesture unsurpassed in opera the newly elected deputies chose a surprising first lady for the new parliament in Rome. For the first time a woman—Leonilde (Nilde to her friends and comrades) Jotti—was elected Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies. But that was not the end of the story—not only is the 59 year-old Jotti a Communist party militant she also was the mistress of the party's late leader Palmiro Togliatti who held the post from 1948 until his death during a visit to the Soviet Union in 1964.

For years party prudery kept under wraps details of the love affair between the tall and striking young parliamentary deputy and the middle-aged politician who created the most powerful Communist party in Western Europe. Togliatti was already married to Rita Montagnana, a Turin factory worker, when he met Nilde in a Rome café in 1946. They became inseparable companions—she was with him when he was the victim of an unsuccessful Fascist assassination attempt in Rome in 1948 and travelled frequently with him to top-level meetings in the Soviet Union with Stalin, Beria, Molotov and Khrushchev. They adopted a baby girl and formed what a close friend described as "a perfect family except the husband wasn't the husband, the wife was not the wife, and they were not the parents of the daughter. But they were always very united."

Divorce was impossible in Italy in those days and the party looked askance at the irregular union between Nilde, who held a literature degree from the Catholic University in Milan and came from a middle class family, and the man whom the Kremlin once asked to head the Cominform, the major international Communist propaganda organization.

But in recent years Nilde has become popular as party spokesman on such controversial social issues as divorce and abortion—and has kept out of the internal power struggle within the party machine. Her election as Speaker of the chamber makes her one of the pillars of the political establishment which has been slow in allowing women to take top jobs. The first woman to achieve ministerial rank in Italy, the Christian Democrat Tina Anselmi, was appointed only two years ago. But despite her double handicap, Jotti made it last week—to the post that current President Alessandro Pertini held for many years.

David North

U.S.A.

The leaky ship of state

Armed guards erected barriers in the corridors around the U.S. House of Representatives. Then the press and public galleries were cleared. Finally the large ornamental doors around the chamber creaked shut. For the first time in 149 years, Congress was in secret session. The occasion, last week, was a last-ditch attempt by conservative opponents to defeat President Jimmy Carter's Panama Canal treaties. The reason for the secrecy: they were relying on hush-hush evidence.

From that point on, however, all was anticlimax. In the first place, the attempt failed, leaving Carter with a narrow but much-needed foreign policy victory. In the second, the secrets disclosed in the 90-minute closed session were soon out. Congressmen could hardly wait to get back to their offices before regaling anyone they could buttonhole with the news that Lieutenant-General Dennis P. McAuliffe, head of the U.S. Southern Command, believed that the Panamanians were actively backing the Sandinista guerrillas in their attempt to overthrow the Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza, thereby undermining "security" in the middle Americas.

In fact, it was events in Nicaragua, where the broadly based popular movement was seeking to oust the Somoza dynasty installed by U.S. Marines in 1933, not Panama, that dominated Washington's diplomatic week. First, ABC TV correspondent Bill Stewart was brutally shot dead by a member of Somoza's National Guard as he lay defenceless at a roadblock. Then Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, reacting to administration concern that the tide of civil war was moving against Somoza and that the Sandinistas might be getting support from Cuba, let alone Panama, moved to try to block any threat of a left-wing take-over.

The method chosen was a call before a hastily convened meeting of the Organization of American States for Somoza's replacement by a "government of national reconciliation." It was a complete reversal of the U.S. stance, which said little for that country's concern for human rights. For months, the administration, while deploring the death and destruction of a bloody civil war, had been allowing its protegé to continue in power and to restock his depleted arsenal from Israeli sources.

At week's end it was doubtful if the OAS was minded to heed Vance's initiative. And there was worse news for Carter on the congressional front. Having mobilized all his considerable powers of persuasion for the Panama treaties—more than 100 congressmen had dined at the White House in recent weeks—and got them accepted by a final vote of 242 to 202, Carter faced another difficult battle. The chosen ground this time was the SALT II treaty which Carter and Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev had signed in Vienna.

Only hours before leaving Washington for the Tokyo economic summit (see page 23), the president met Senate Republican Leader Howard Baker, considered a key figure in administration hopes for ratification of the SALT pact, and was told the discouraging news that it had no chance of passing without being amended. In vain did Carter remind Baker that Brezhnev had warned that any changes imposed by the Senate would "doom" the SALT treaty.

Little wonder that Carter looked tired and drawn as he prepared to travel east. As one of his closest aides confided to a friend, "He's trying his best to keep things together, but somehow they seem to be falling apart." That, as what went on earlier in the House, was clearly no secret.

William Lowther

TV-screen shooting and (below) Stewart's body being lugged away: lay defenceless





Florida

Trial by prime-time jury

The stage is set, the camera is in place and the characters are primed this week for a unique murder trial television drama in Florida. What makes the show so special is that the defendant, Theodore Bundy, is not an actor but a 32-year-old law student who is fighting for his life. A real murder trial, for the first time in United States history, will be televised across the country and in Canada, bringing a chilling theatre-of-the-macabre into thousands, perhaps millions, of homes.

The plot is pure prime time—the handsome, all-American boy who just happens to turn up in the same towns where pretty, young, brown-haired women disappear. Some are never found, others are discovered raped and strangled. There may be as many as 36 victims all the way from Washington state to Florida. Bundy—once known to school friends as "Mr. Up-and-Coming Republican"—was convicted in 1975 of kidnapping a Utah woman and was charged with murder in 1977 in Colorado. While awaiting trial in Aspen he escaped—twice. The second time he got away clean.

On Jan. 15, 1978, two sorority sisters at Florida State University in Tallahassee were brutally clubbed and strangled to death. Three other women were seriously wounded. Ted Bundy goes on trial this week for those crimes before judge and jury, and before ABC, CBS, NBC and the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS).

Because of the huge amount of pre-trial publicity, circuit court Judge Edward Cowart moved the trial from Tallahassee to Miami, where there is a better chance of picking an unbiased jury. When the trial was still scheduled for Tallahassee, the local PBS station, WFSU, planned to broadcast the proceedings live locally, but the change of venue has made the telecast too costly. Now the major networks will use portions of the courtroom action for daily newscasts and WFSU will produce a half-hour special each day. That show will be shown every evening in as many as 15 cities, from California to New York. It will also be shown in parts of Washington state and Utah—two of the three states where Bundy is a suspect in at least 18 sexual murder investigations. If he is ever charged in those states it may be impossible for him to get a fair trial.



Bundy: teeth marks on the victims

The fact that Bundy will be tried in Florida, where last month John Spenkelink was put to death in the electric chair, may also be significant. Last week, Governor Robert Graham signed death warrants for two more of the state's 133 death-row inmates, who were due to be electrocuted this week.

Despite everything, Bundy is anxious to get on with the case. He is acting on his own behalf but will be assisted by a public defender, Edward Harvey, who told *Maclean's*: "Ted is looking forward to having everything out in the open. In fact, he'd just as soon have everyone see it to show just how weak the state's case is."

Weak or strong, the state will produce some interesting evidence. Its star witness is Dr. Richard Souviron, a forensic odontologist. He will tell the court that Bundy bit his victims and that teeth marks, like fingerprints, are clearly identifiable. The prosecutors will also say that Bundy is suspect in enough murder cases to make him more notorious than Charles Manson, Son of Sam or the Hillside Strangler. The police in Washington and Utah will certainly stay tuned in for that.

Catherine Fox

"le"

This 2-letter French word may well be the most successful (if not the only) 2-letter marketing strategy in the annals of advertising.



This simple, yet eloquent "le" has put Renault's "Le Car" happily in the car-buying public's consciousness. It positions; it defines; and for the media-inundated consumer, provides an easy, memorable handle. Usually it takes many more letters and many more words to do all this.

Happily our little "le" has put across the fact that we are the car company of France. You can't blame us for sighing "*Vive le 'le'!*"

RENAULT

"et"

Another 2-letter French word. We believe this one laconically sums up our business philosophy yet is as eloquent as our "le" in indicating how we organise for future growth.

For that simple "et" expresses the agreements we've recently signed with three great corporations. That "et" in effect proclaims our growth policy of co-operation for mutual benefit; it says that we will work together to achieve our independent goals.

RENAULT ET BENDIX CORPORATION

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RENAULT ET MACK TRUCKS INC

Finally, that little "et" says we're not a "take-over" company, but rather, a "work-with" company. And so we sigh "*'Et'. Bien.*"

RENAULT



Now an Asian Holocaust?

By Barbara Amiel

Words can be more powerful than events. "We will be harsh with them. Being humane has not paid off for us at all." With terrible calm, Malaysian Deputy Prime Minister Mahathir bin Mohamid announced recently that his country would be shipping out to sea its burden of 76,000 Vietnamese refugees now jammed in camps along its coast. Worse, Malaysia would enact legislation to "shoot on sight" any new refugees. Streaming out by the hundreds of thousands since the Communists came to power in South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, refugees had been washing up like jetsam on Malaysia's shores for months. But it took this shocking message to force the West last week into facing up to the human tragedy many observers have for some time been describing as the Asian Holocaust, Canada and the U.S. in particular had been forced to face up to an ageless dilemma, caught between a desire to help and increasing helplessness. This time, though, unlike the horror of Second World War Europe, there could be no soothing escape into ignorance. The plight of the persecuted may beggar description but not perception.

Packed by the thousands into warehouses in the government dockyards on Hong Kong's Canton Road, refugees lined up for hours to use the only washing facilities—outside taps—and then returned patiently to the end of the queues to wait again. In the makeshift slums on Malaysia's Pulau Bidong island, precious dollars were bartered for plastic sheets used as rooftops in the monsoon rains. Plain white rice was the only food available. For the lucky, sardines could be supplied by local Malays—for a price. And for some, the end of months of fear and false hopes was the South China Sea where their bodies were stripped of all semblance of humanity by pirates, exposure and sharks.

Vietnamese refugees aboard the ile de Lumière at Pulau Bidong, Malaysia, and (below) the long wait: an ageless dilemma



J. PAVLOVSKY/SYGMA AD

Most recent figures say close to 350,000 men, women and children are now in temporary camps in Southeast Asian countries and the numbers increase by more than 10,000 a week. U.S. State Department spokesman Tom Reston has pointed to "the incontrovertible evidence" that the Vietnamese government is organizing the brutal expulsion of civilians. "This is a case of genocide," said Canada's Immigration Minister Ron Atkey. British Minister of State Peter Blaker called it "a frightening and critical problem." England's Margaret Thatcher renewed her earlier proposal for yet another international conference on the problem in spite of the dismal failure of the recent Jakarta meeting on precisely the same subject. U.S. President Jimmy Carter was expected to bring up the problem at this week's Tokyo summit and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance will raise the topic at next week's meeting of the Association of Southeast Asian countries in Bali. In short, there was no shortage of talk. Only actions seemed in meagre supply.

Canada did announce it would take

In search of a chance to grow

With careful courtesy and shaking hands Doan Thi Khai 58 places the thick hotel-issue tumblers on the table, each one filled halfway with orange pop. She places paper napkins next to them. Her husband Vo Tai Hoa 58 puts his most precious possession a pack of Canadian cigarettes in the middle of the table one cigarette pulled halfway out, and gestures to the visitors with his hand. The room in the Toronto hotel—under contract to Canada Manpower—is crowded with Vo's family and the extended family he has inherited on the way from Vietnam. Survival chances for escapees are 50 per cent and older people rarely make it.

Vo was a tailor for 36 years. By the time he was 50 he had a shop and 14 employees. In 1977 the authorities in Long Xuyen, Vietnam, accused him of making dresses for wives of officials of the old regime. The sentence: relocation in a "new economic zone"—a euphemism for exile to the underdeveloped jungle camps. For a man of his age it meant almost certain death. Vo had never been out of Vietnam in his life before. It took him four attempts and $12,000 to get to Pulau Besar camp. He is gaunt now from the weight he lost in the 10 months of climbing up and down a steep mountainside from his squalling place to the daily food rations. When his Canadian visitor turns from the phone ordering Chinese food to ask Vo what he and his family would like to eat, Vo looks mystified. The translator repeats the question. Vo repeats it to the room. Everyone breaks out into irrepressible peals of laughter as they repeat the question to one another. *What would you like to eat?* The grins split worried faces and suddenly the room of confused Vietnamese sitting on beds draped with dreadful khaki blankets is filled with merriment. It is such a *funny* question.

Humor is seized on by the refugees wherever they can find it. At Toronto's airport they arrive tired and frightened. Greeted by John Do Trong Chu, their eyes flicker warily. No sign of recognition—only fear. As he comes closer they see the diagonal orange stripes on the name tag pinned to his suit jacket. Faces relax. The colors are from the flag of pre-Communist Vietnam. They understand, says Chu, that it is safe now to talk.

At the end of 1978 there were about 9,000 Vietnamese settled in Canada. This year's immigration will nearly double that. Montreal comes the closest to having a settled community: pre-war Vietnamese from the early 1950s came here on Colombo Plan scholarships to study at French-speaking universities. Understandably that community is more politically divided than Toronto's recent arrivals. Montreal Vietnamese include a core who came while French colonialism was in full swing and brought with them strong ties to the Viet Cong. Pro-Hanoi restaurants, organizations and newspapers are organized to fight the "propaganda" of the new refugees.



ALAIN RAISSON

Nguyen family shopping in Toronto: 'They understand that it is safe now to talk'

Quebec Premier René Lévesque says the province is ready to take many more Vietnamese refugees without any reticence, but cautions that provincial immigration is still tied to federal approval. Quebec strategy is geared to de-metropolitanizing the refugees and settling them in smaller communities—a civilized version of their homeland's resettlement program.

In Toronto the community is still barely organized and maintains only one Vietnamese restaurant. New arrivals scatter in the city core close to transportation and in the cheap rooming houses with a distinct preference for Toronto's Kensington Market area—first home to East European Jews and Portuguese immigrants and close to Chinatown with its familiar products.

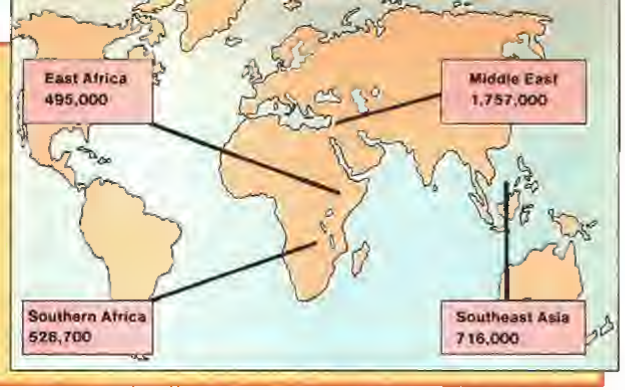
Sitting in small furnished rooms often overlooking the clatter of streetcars and the sirens of police en route to break up local tavern brawls, the new refugees talk about "the peace and tranquility" of their new home. Canada Manpower and Immigration provides initial food money ($6 per day per adult) and $6 a week cartage. Emergency shopping for clothes and food supplies is done the day after arrival when immigrants have had a chance to settle into the accommodation provided and catch up on the fatigue of nearly 36 hours of constant travel.

Many refugees require medical attention and the first day their Ontario Health Insurance Plan cards arrive they are ushered off to local hospitals. This week 5½-month-old Marina Nguyen will go for surgery to repair her harelip and cleft palate. She has no birth papers yet, having had the bad timing to arrive on the boat on which her mother Nguyen Thi Hong, 21, was escaping. Her father is already looking for work and probably, like most refugees, he will take on a minimum-wage job in a factory or as a dishwasher within 10 days of his arrival.

But not all is pollyanna. Rumors circulate of drinking problems among young Vietnamese males far away from the strong family circle to which they were accustomed alone and with a pay cheque in their pockets for the first time in their lives. Among the ethnic Chinese, disappointment is felt at the coldness of the established community to their plight. "They give out a few jobs in restaurants, but that's all," said one social worker. "We have become a people too used to watching human suffering impassively."

As a small number of volunteers struggle to cope with the problems—in Toronto organizing youth clubs and a martial arts program—hopes rest ultimately on the willingness of Canadians to provide employment and friendship. "These people have fled such a terrible regime and want so badly to survive and be independent," says Ontario Welcome House counsellor Mrs. Asu Chong. "All they need is a chance to breathe. You know, like the song goes, a chance to grow." **Barbara Amiel**

'You Can't Go Home Again'



Totals given are those of refugees who have crossed borders. But this is not comprehensive. In Zimbabwe Rhodesia for instance, there are an estimated 500,000 refugees displaced internally by the guerrilla war, and 800,000 Ethiopians are currently without homes. The Middle East total largely comprises Palestinians. East Africa includes 256,000 refugees in Sudan.

3,000 more refugees, but that only brought the total to 8,000 East Asians this year. Japan, which has managed to grant one-year renewable residence visas to six Vietnamese so far, upped its quota to 500. Still, Malaysia backed down from its threat of "shooting on sight," maintaining the right to take "stern measures" to prevent an influx of new refugees. For a week the world seemed to breathe a small sigh of relief and content itself with the thought that the Malaysian threats had been designed primarily to elicit some response from the West—and had done so. Thailand continued to repatriate Cambodians at gunpoint (approximately 50,000 have been marched back over the border) but that raised few objections, probably due to the bewildering nature of Cambodian politics where supporters of ousted Premier Pol Pot and his Khmer Rouge continue to battle the Vietnamese-backed forces of new Cambodian President Heng Semrin—and show an alarming tendency to drag their war into officially neutral Thailand. Malaysia continued to tow new boat-people back out to international waters (13,000 last May alone) before they could make it to the official safety of the camps but UN officials pointed out that, technically, such people couldn't be counted as "expelled" since they hadn't landed in the first place.

But by the end of last week, evidence of hardening attitudes by Malaysia began to increase. Thousands of the people turned away were suspected to have drowned. Guests in a luxurious hotel on the Malay peninsula were reported to have had their afternoon session of long, cool drinks on the palm-shaded patio interrupted by troops firing on a small wooden boat filled with refugees 50 yards down the beach from the Kuantan Merlin Hotel. The boat fled down the coast, pitching in the rolling surf. At the same time, Malaysian patrols were busy herding what were described as "dangerously overloaded" boats jammed with hundreds of men, women and children out to international waters. And last Friday, U.S. immigration officials reported they had been refused permission to interview a group of Vietnam refugees believed eligible for U.S. visas but fenced off by barbed wire and guards.

German author Heinrich Böll described our time as "the century of refugees." As the Southeast Asian nations brace themselves for what experts believe will be close to another 1.2 million people still to come from Indo-China, the painful accuracy of his phrase is evident. Concentrated in Africa, the Middle East and the Far East (see map), the current number of homeless eking out a miserable existence in camps is estimated by the UN at close to 10 million. Nothing illustrates the human and political dimensions of the problem more precisely than the tragedy of the Asian boat-people.

They call them "the Jews of the East" and Phung Quoc Ngu Yen, 24, is one of them. He sits in his third-floor room in Toronto and points to the kitchenette filled with empty cans and fast food. "Cowboy cooking," he nods hopefully, "yes?" Phung belongs to the estimated 70 per cent of Vietnam refugees who are ethnic Chinese. Of Vietnam's 47.8 million, about three million are of ethnic Chinese descent. Physically, most are indistinguishable from the Vietnamese. By now, many have only one Chinese grandparent. But, besides Vietnamese, they often speak Chinese and are a cohesive, tight-knit community. Some observers claim China's 1,051-year rule over Vietnam (until 939 AD) is the reason for the Vietnamese enmity toward their ethnic Chinese community. But since this conflict was more than 40 generations ago, more likely reasons are the cultural values and drive that steer the ethnic Chinese toward self-employment and white-collar work.



J. PAVLOVSKY/ SYGMA AD

Shacks and shops on Pulau Bidong island herding 'dangerously overloaded' boats

'One should not expect miracles'

Why are the reluctant hosts of Southeast Asia's hordes of refugees turning to desperate measures to get rid of them? What is the United Nations doing to stop them? Why is it not doing more to find the refugees permanent homes elsewhere? UN Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim recently returned from a tour of capitals in Indo-China. Last week, in an exclusive interview with *Maclean's* New York Bureau Chief Rita Chrislopher he answered these pressing questions.

Maclean's: *How did the countries of first asylum explain their policies of turning away refugees of threatening to shoot them on sight to you?*

Waldheim: The prime minister of Thailand told me they are quite ready to fulfil their obligations. I appealed to him not to send refugees back to Kampuchea [Cambodia]. He told me he was quite ready to do this but could not wait forever. He asked me for help in two directions—there are more than 200,000 refugees in Thailand—to ship food so they can feed the people and to get more places for the refugees so they can begin to leave.

Maclean's: *What about Malaysia?*

Waldheim: The prime minister assured me they were doing their best to respect human rights. He told me "We do not want to push these people back!"

Maclean's: *But the Malaysians have started doing just that.*

Waldheim: When they started, I contacted the prime minister and he said they would wait for assistance from the United Nations but that they could not wait forever.

Maclean's: *What about the Malaysian order to shoot refugees on sight?*

Waldheim: I asked the prime minister to clarify it for me. It is not true, he said. But he told me that unless there is more help soon they will start sending the people back out to sea, and that is already happening.

Maclean's: *What about the government of Kampuchea?*

Waldheim: What government? We don't know who to talk to there.

Maclean's: *How did the Vietnamese government explain the policy of wholesale deportation of ethnic Chinese?*

Waldheim: I spent long hours with Pham Van Dong, the prime minister. I appealed to him not to force the use of these illegal, these wild methods of departure. The deputy high commissioner for refugees was recently in Hanoi and a seven point plan was worked out, but the fact remains that the exodus continues. I raised the matter again in New York with their ambassador a few days ago and he told me the government is taking measures to stop it. But it will take a certain time before these new procedures are operative.

Maclean's: *Did you ask the Vietnamese why they are pushing out more than a million people many to certain death?*

Waldheim: They reject this theory. They say that the people want to leave and are simply not waiting for orderly procedures.

Maclean's: *Did it look to you as if the ethnic Chinese were leaving voluntarily?*

Waldheim: We have no proof of this. All we know is the tragic consequences.

Maclean's: *If the countries of first asylum were provided with sufficient funds could the refugees be permanently settled there?*

Waldheim: The refugees have said most of them that they don't want to stay there. And there is always the question of ethnic composition in these countries. They have a very delicate balance of populations and hundreds of thousands of ethnic Chinese could mean real complications for this balance.



Waldheim: 'We will be able to solve it'

Maclean's: *In practical terms estimates are there will be half a million Southeast Asian refugees by the end of this year, a million by the end of next year. How many of these can the so-called countries of final asylum in the Western world absorb?*

Waldheim: It should be possible to absorb all of them in the long range. But we need the necessary means. That is why I'm seriously thinking of convening an international meeting of the prospective donor countries—you know the ones who would supply money and places—to discuss the problem.

Maclean's: *Won't critics say this is just another example of the United Nations talking instead of acting?*

Waldheim: What else can we do? We can't handle the problem alone. We must have the help of member states.

Maclean's: *What will the conference accomplish?*

Waldheim: I have no illusions. We are not going to find any quick and easy solutions. But we have to make a start. The countries of Southeast Asia can't wait too much longer.

Maclean's: *Have you been satisfied at the roles with which developed countries are absorbing the refugees?*

Waldheim: Countries are making efforts but in some cases I have been disappointed. We have indications from the United States, for example, that they will increase their Vietnamese allotment but making plans from indications is difficult.

Maclean's: *Do you see any viable solutions other than an international conference?*

Waldheim: Well, if countries had done more bilaterally we wouldn't have to be doing so much on a multilateral level. But I don't want to criticize. I just want to make the point that it is not reasonable for countries to think we can handle the whole thing on our own. We can only co-ordinate efforts.

Maclean's: *President Carter has said he wants to raise the issue of refugees at the Tokyo summit. Will that pre-empt your international conference?*

Waldheim: On the contrary, that will help it if they can agree to more massive aid among themselves. That would be very good.

Maclean's: *At this point then it is your assessment that the high commissioner with limited funds is doing the very best he can?*

Waldheim: It is always easier to criticize. Much of the press is very naïve about what is going on. I've worked with the people in the high commissioner's office. I've seen them in the camps. I've seen UN personnel holding children in their arms so they couldn't be taken away and put on ships. I've seen them working in the tropical heat treating sick people with whatever supplies they have. It is one of the most tragic experiences of my life. We have been working our hardest to feed these people, to care for them and we are ignored. Of course we haven't solved the problem. If countries have the will to help, we will be able to solve it but it all takes time. One should not expect miracles.

They are traditionally the businessmen of Indo-China. Of course, that does not necessarily make them rich by Western standards. Phung worked on his sister's "farm," a one-acre plot that somehow bred 20,000 chickens.

It cost his family $1,020 U.S. to get Phung and his 14-year-old brother out of Vietnam. Phung's duty is to earn the money to support himself and his brother and to buy the freedom of his two sisters and parents in Vietnam. His maroon, striped pajamas hang loosely on his 120-pound frame. He works nights cooking in Scott's Kentucky Fried Chicken and has sent $20 from his first pay cheque back to his mother. He has no idea if she will receive it—only hope. "No friends, yet," he says, "but peace here. And no draft."

For Vietnam's ethnic Chinese facing the extra harassment of special curfews, disentitlement to rations and constant searches for the caches of gold they may have saved, the draft is the last straw. Reports that boys as young as 15 are being sent to fight in Cambodia have sent the community into a panic. Sons are being shipped out. The programs are rigorously enforced in order to help the Malays and Indonesians catch up to the economic achievements of the minority ethnic Chinese. Racial violence is not uncommon. Hundreds of thousands of ethnic Chinese suddenly added into the mix are a frightening prospect for small nations whose racial harmony balances on the head of a pin.

But the problem is not merely race. In Hong Kong, there is no racial conflict but the situation is chaotic. Monsoons have changed the paths of many boats headed for Malaysia and sent them on to the British Crown colony. Hong Kong's boat-people population is already 47,000, with another 100,000 illegal refugees coming from mainland China, many in makeshift skis that skim across the mud borders. Officials estimate that Hong Kong's intake from Vietnam and China could reach the 500,000 mark this year—the equivalent of Canada's taking in about 2.3 million refugees. Social resources—and space—are stretched to the limit.

Sinking refugee boat off Pulau Bidong: 's nagging feeling whether anyone wants us'



J. PAVLOVSKY, SYGMA AD

ethnic Chinese are Vietnam's newest source of hard currency. The going rate for the privilege to leave is 10 taels of gold—worth about $3,000—considerably more than Phung's bargain fare. Though the government officially denies organizing the expulsion, the mass flight is a triple blessing: the elimination of a traditionally disliked people, extra income and, most important, a weapon to be used against the stability of the fragile, non-Communist regimes of the area.

In Indonesia and Malaysia, ethnic tensions run high. Affirmative action

Still, the focus of all attention remains the Malaysian island Pulau Bidong, the largest refugee camp (42,000 people) crammed into one square mile. The two- and three-storey wooden huts have turned the island into a shanty slum. When Vietnamese English teacher Nguyen Thi Lan, 29, and her ex-assistant magistrate husband, Ly Van Be, 29, found they could not emigrate as Vietnamese, they took a popular solution among would-be refugees—they claimed to be ethnic Chinese. That did not entirely solve their problems: their boat broke down, they were attacked five times by pirates, and left behind them all family members—aunts, brothers and sisters. Now they perch on the second storey of a "hutment" surrounded by the stench of an island without sanitation and the despair of a people who believe that the world may have forgotten them. "We do have a nagging feeling," said Lan, "whether anyone wants us."

Though Canada is doing more than anyone else—except the U.S.—it is not enough to make a dent, in spite of External Affairs Minister Flora MacDonald's post-cabinet appointment euphoria in which she volunteered that "the refugee issue is really uppermost on my mind." Canada's 1979 quota of 8,000 refugees doesn't even cover one day's boat-land at present exodus rates.

But in fairness to MacDonald, it makes little differenec (except in immediate human terms) whether Canada absorbs 8,000 or 16,000 refugees. Except for the West, the rest of the world is not able or not willing to help. The West can accommodate at the cost of some inconvenience tens of thousands and, at the cost of considerable disruption, even hundreds of thousands of refugees. It cannot accommodate millions upon millions in a short space of time without possibly fatal damage—yet when it comes to the current world refugee problem, these are the numbers in which we are forced to think.

In spite of the well-meant protestations by petitioners ranging from singer Joan Baez ("the facts form a grim mosaic") to UN Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, it seems evident that, having acquired power, the regimes of such countries as Laos, Cambodia or Vietnam no longer find it necessary to be moved by world opinion or humanitarian considerations. The long-term solution ultimately lies not in finding new countries for the homeless but making it possible for them to live in their own homes. In the case of the Vietnamese, that, as the leaders of the Association of Southeast Asian countries have pointed out, means pressuring the Soviet Union to change the policies of its client-countries, Laos and Vietnam. The alternative is to let millions of men, women and children drown in the South China Sea. ◇

With correspondents' files from Malaysia, Hong Kong, Geneva, London and New York.

A welcome one-year wonder

Two and a half years ago, he was perhaps the most despised person in Saskatchewan. With one fling of his arm, Tom Clements had sent the province into collective misery and the Saskatchewan Roughriders to defeat. Dashed were the dreams of a 1976 Grey Cup victory, as Clements piloted the Ottawa Rough Riders to a 23-20 victory over their western country-cousin namesakes with his masterful, last-minute touchdown pass to tight-end Tony Cabral.

Since that cold, windswept November day in Toronto, Saskatchewan has never recovered. A tradition of winning quickly evaporated, and the following year the Riders finished out of the playoffs—for the first time in 14 years. Last season, in the Western Conference of the Canadian Football League, the demise reached its logical conclusion when the Riders ignominously skidded into last place—the undisputed doormats of the CFL.

But 1979 is another year and although the hurt remains, spring brings hope. This year they're calling it the beginning of a New Era. Everything has changed, from the coach, to the dressing rooms, to the team offices, to the uniforms, to Taylor Field itself. Yes, even the venerable home park, with its miniature end zones lined by unforgiving metal mesh fences, which have claimed many an unwary receiver, have been removed and the field is carpeted with artificial turf. But, ironically, the key figure in this football genesis is the very man who helped trigger the decline. Clements, the bespectacled onetime villain, has come west to join Saskatchewan—his arrival received like the second coming of Ron Lancaster.

If there was ever a team in need of a quarterback heading into this season, it was the Roughriders. Lancaster, who since 1963 had been the glue that kept the pieces intact, finally retired, taking over as the head coach to usher in the New Era. Although backup Larry Dick had shown flashes as a rookie, there was little doubt that a return to respectability hinged on finding a quarterback.

Lancaster (left) and Clements: taking the torch, before heading down south



CALDWELL, REGINA LEADER POST

Meanwhile, in Ottawa, Condredge Holloway had taken over top spot and Clements had let it be known that he only had eyes for Kansas City of the National Football League. Clements wanted out of his option year to head south, and Ottawa tried to oblige. But when Saskatchewan traded two for one to get him, his NFL ambitions were put on hold—at least for the year.

Even though he appears destined to be a one-year wonder in Saskatchewan, Clements is still being viewed as the key to getting the team going in the right direction, and he also gives Lancaster another year to find another messiah.

No matter how you look at the situation, it is a strange position for Clements. He may not figure in future plans, but right now he still faces the challenge of turning the team around, even while humming, *Kansas City Here I Come*.

"It's a unique situation all right," Clements said with the slightest trace of a grin during a break in the exhibition game schedule. "But all I can do is approach it as any other season. I want to do well. That's the only way you can do it."

There are other ways, of course, should he be overcome by his southern yearnings. In the past, players infected with homesickness have been able to get out of their option years (in which they play at a 10-per-cent salary reduction) and make tracks to the NFL by simply not performing and thus ultimately being released.

Clements insists it just isn't in him to stoop to such tactics. "Anytime I play a sport, whether it's just a pickup basketball game or anything else, I do the best I can. Especially in a team sport like football, you have to play it that way."

It all must be music to Lancaster's ears. Since he took over as head coach the day after last year's dismal season came to a merciful close, Lancaster has said he wants players who are willing to pay the price it will take to turn the Roughriders back into winners.

Although there is hesitancy among the fans, the much-heralded New Era and arrival of Clements seem to be slowly sinking in. Season ticket sales have reached the 17,300 mark, with a target of 20,000. Last year the team sold 16,500. But the real measure of success will be on the field. An entire province waits in anticipation of their one-year savior's performance, longing for the good old days. **Dale Eisler**

People

Though **Woody Allen** has been costumed as a Cossack soldier, a Hasidic Jew and a robot with inflatable water wings, offscreen he has not been noted for his fashion flair. **Diane Keaton**'s wardrobe in Allen's Oscarful *Annie Hall* spawned a ragtag generation of women wearing ankle socks and skinny ties, but Allen's early-crumple attire seemed unlikely to reach the pages of *Vogue*. All of that changes, however, with his latest film, *Manhattan*, which credits Allen's cotton-and-khaki garb to award-winning American designer **Ralph Lauren**. Previous film credits for Lauren, 39, include the ice-cream suits worn by **Robert Redford** in the ill-fated 1974 movie of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. Needless to say, Allen, 43, was looking for a more casual approach, and what better place to find it than his own closet? He has been wearing Lauren's clothes for six years, and he also raided Lauren's personal wardrobe to find his movie costumes. "Mr. Lauren and Mr. Allen both wear size 37-38 jackets," a Lauren spokesman declared, "and Mr. Allen prefers a rather worn look for his films." Thus baggy-kneed pants and oversized sweaters promise to be de rigueur for this fall's well-dressed man. Perry Como *redux*.



SERGENY SYOMA

Allan: from the closet to the big screen

Bouncing along to success these days is *The Rubber Gun*, a Montreal drug-scene retrospective directed and co-written by 32-year-old **Allan Moyle**, who is currently casting his next project, *Times Square*, a tale of two teen-age girls' adventures on and around New York's sirloin strip. So far **Tim Curry** (*Rocky Horror Picture Show*) has agreed to play his first non-musical role as an FM deejay, and Moyle's main concern now is finding his leading ladies—one street-wise ("Nicky") and the other suburban, but willing to learn. He doesn't expect to find his punky pubescents through conventional methods. "We think we're going to find our Nicky on the streets," says Moyle, whose month-long talent hunt has seen both him and producer **Jacob Brackman** (*Days of Heaven, The King of Marvin Gardens*) plastering Times Square with posters and publicizing their desire for an ingenue who's "slim and beautiful in an unusual way, who has probably tattooed her arm with burning cigarettes." They would even consider an escapee from a mental hospital. "Girls call and say 'Okay, I've got the tattoos, where do I go from here,'" says Moyle, who has seen 2,000 hopefuls and videotaped hundreds of potentials.



SAM HOLL

Moyle: looking for a tattooed teen-ager

"You can make a movie about two teen-agers and make a lot of money, but there's no sense of history, purpose or meaningfulness," says **Sandy Frank**, a New York producer who recently paid $100,000 for the film rights to Egyptian President **Anwar Sadat**'s autobiography, *In Search of Identity*. Through no sheer coincidence, Frank has also acquired the rights to Israeli Prime Minister **Menachem Begin**'s life story, *The Revolt*. Separate made-for-TV movies are planned for broadcast late in 1980. Neither leader will have any say in casting and Frank is currently scouring "top-rated actors of all religions, races and creeds." He admits that **Muhammad Ali** "would probably love to play Sadat." He also claims to have a photograph of the young Begin which shows him to be a near-clone of **Woody Allen**.

The secret was well kept. Nevertheless, 2,000 of Toronto's New Wave rockers turned up in leopard-skin body suits and rhinestone collars last week to attend what was described as "a semi-private party" featuring **The Stink Band**, with *Saturday Night Live* Blues Brother **John Belushi** on drums, Rough Trader **John Hughes** on keyboards and **Peter Aykroyd**, the younger brother of Blues Brother No. 2, **Dan Aykroyd**, vocalizing. The site of the event was the Palais Royale Ballroom, made famous by the likes of **Frank Sinatra**, the **Dorsey Brothers** and swinging **Sammy Kaye**, all of whom played there in the '40s. "Do we stink?" was the rhetorical question Ackroyd the Younger put to the crowd, which included actor **Donald Sutherland**, comedian **David Steinberg** and singer **David Clayton-Thomas**. The all-original material included a pleasant ditty about necrophilia. The fans loved it until the beer ran out.



JOHN KAY

Lomez: marooned with trained anakea

"This summer I want to get over my fear of snakes—to take them in my hands and play with them," decided **Céline Lomez**. What better way for her to conquer her phobia than to star in *Marooned in the Land God Gave to Cain*, an episode of a new adventure series which will be aired on CBC TV this fall. "The snakes weren't so bad. The ones I had to deal with were tiny," says the Québécois actress who is best known for her sadomasochistic role in last year's top Canadian film, *The Silent Partner*. In fact, producers **Peter Rowe** and **Barry Pearson** found "trained" reptiles for Lomez to cavort with in her role as Marguerite de Roberval, the first French woman in Canada, who was abandoned on a desolate island in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence by a jealous uncle. Some gritty 16th-century realism was unavoidable, however, and in one scene Lomez, 25, ended up covered in mud. "I feel like I just got out of the bush myself," she said when filming ended. "They put bacon grease on my hair and stuff on my teeth to make them look decayed. But I really had fun."

In 1974, Dutch-born actress **Sylvia Kristel** broke into films in a big way as the star of *Emmanuelle*, a French film full of lukewarm pornography in a variety of exotic locations. "I only got about $10,000, but I did it for the travel—and, to my amazement, 350 million people have seen my ass," says Kristel, 27, who decided to put her clothes back on and pursue conventional stardom. She still enjoys travel, though. Along with co-stars **Alain Delon** and **George Kennedy** (plus wads of others in cameo appearances), Kristel plays a stewardess in the upcoming *Concorde—Airport '79*, the fourth film to be based on **Arthur Hailey**'s 1968 novel. Following that flighty excursion, Kristel has an even straighter role as second banana to **Don Adams** in *The Return of Maxwell Smart*, a feature based on the slapstick-spy TV series *Get Smart*. Kristel takes the role of Agent 34, made famous by **Barbara Feldon** (who was numbered 99).



HARVEY MCCRACKEN, CBC

Garussi and Simard: in boats that float

Though Montreal super-kid **René Simard** is no longer the once-a-week heartthrob of the nation's teeny-boppers, he will frolic back this fall for an episode of CBC TV's *The Beachcombers*. Playing himself, Simard appears as a singing wunderkind who wanders into tiny Gibson, B.C., in search of a vacation hideaway, only to be accosted by burly father-figure **Bruno Garussi**, who has a song in his heart and an urgent desire for Simard to sing it. The 18-year-old millionaire says he can't remember much about *Play It Again*, written for the show by **Marc Strange**. "I learned it fast, but I forgot it fast also," says Simard, who recently added shaving to his daily routine. Currently wrapping up a French-language album and preparing for a cross-country tour, he used the few days of West Coast filming to catch a real-life mini-vacation for himself. "They have a big organization and boats that go all the way into the water," he chirped. "I was really surprised."

Edited by Marsha Boulton

Barking dogs and embittered words

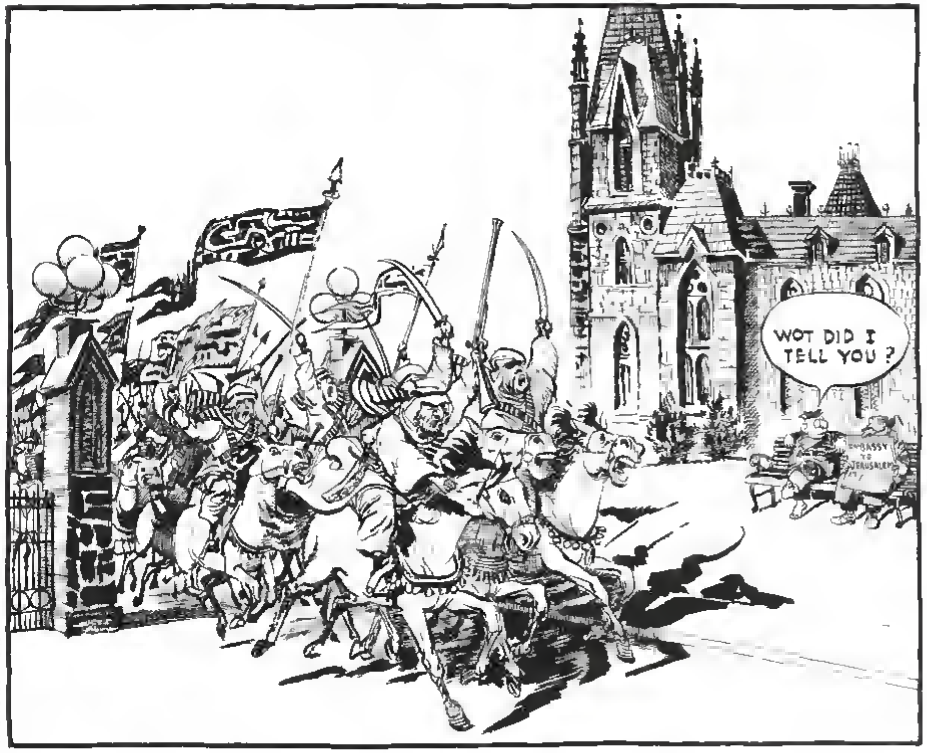
At the end of the third week of the great Canadian embassy kerfuffle, most developments were falling into one of two categories Bark or Bite. Totally in the Bark was Immigration Minister Ron Atkey, who escalated the bitterness over Canada's fledgling Conservative government's commitment to move its embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem by announcing that, in the case of Arab protests and threats, "their bark is worse than their bite." Three days later, his press office was tersely saying that, as far as their minister was concerned, the subject was "off limits." Also doing a bit of growling was Yasser Arafat, leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, who became incensed at Atkey's remarks and promised from Kuwait to "teach the Canadian scoundrels a lesson." This sort of verbal to-ing and fro-ing, mused one senior banking official in Toronto, was "just a lot of hot air."

In the Bite department, however, some of the action taken did threaten to leave teeth marks on the Canadian economy. While there was no definitive word on damage to two of the major Canadian-Arab contracts—Bell Canada's $1.1-billion deal to upgrade the phone system of Saudi Arabia and Canadian Westinghouse Ltd.'s $85-million contract now under negotiation with Libya—a third contract, worth $135 million, was aborted last week. Tom Burns, president of the Canadian Export Association, told *Maclean's* that, while he could not give details of the contract, which had been ready for signing, he could confirm that officials of the company, which had been doing business in the Middle East for years, were told to forget the signatures until the Canadian position on the embassy question was "clarified."

On a smaller but no less significant scale, Ronald Keating, president of Litton Systems (Canada) Ltd. of Toronto, cut short a June trip through the Middle East after witnessing "antagonism" on the part of Arabs toward Canadian businessmen. "Six months ago we were embraced by these people," he said. "When I returned I was subjected to an hour-long berating by a Saudi Arabian minister, and told there was no sense in pursuing business at this time." Keating was so disturbed about the possibility of losing up to $400 million worth of potential business that he composed a Telex to Joe Clark. "I felt like saying 'You're an ass' but I didn't." Instead, he urged him in less colorful language to reconsider what he thinks is a disastrous decision.

From other quarters there was no end to the "urging." The announcement of the Arab Monetary Fund's decision to boycott Canadian investment sent the Canadian dollar temporarily dipping down below 85 cents (U.S.) although the withdrawal of its funds from the country—estimated at a modest $10 to $15 million—would hardly have made an investment dent. However, if the small agency were able to convince its 21-member nations to go ahead with a boycott, it would critically affect both an estimated $2 billion in Arab investment in Canada as well as the exchange rate on the Canadian dollar. Meanwhile, as Joe Clark met over the weekend with the 10 Arab ambassadors and the Israeli ambassador in an effort to cool things down, those involved continue to sort out the Bark versus Bite problem. Said a spokesman for the Arab Information Centre in Ottawa: "When somebody barks he has to be a dog. Anyway, to refer to an Arab as a dog is degrading. Arabs are human beings." Countered a foreign-exchange analyst in Toronto: "Still, I wouldn't want to call their bluff."

Neither, evidently, did Clark. In a statement late Saturday, the government announced that former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield had been appointed as a special representative to study the whole spectrum of Canada's relations with the Arab world. The embassy would stay in Tel Aviv at least until Stanfield's report comes out sometime next year. And even then Clark left room to back off. A move to Jerusalem, the statement said, would have to be compatible with a comprehensive peace settlement throughout the entire Middle East. **Judith Timson**



MACPHERSON, TORONTO STAR

The chain-saw gang and how it grew

In the tiny room where earmuffed men test each machine, the sound of the chain saw tears at the visitor's ears like the unremitting bites of an animal gone quite mad. The guide slips purse and hurl words scarcely heard above the machine's snarl: "Mixture's too rich." After fine adjustment and fast retest, the now-quiet chain saw proceeds on to packaging: one of 150,000 units to be produced this year in a Peterborough, Ontario, plant almost given up for dead last year. Pioneer Chain Saw Corp. has been resuscitated by an unusual combination of government backing, entrepreneurial skills and employee participation. Last week as the Foreign Investment Review Agency began its look at a Swedish bid for 50 per cent of Pioneer, a buy-in that will flood workers' pockets and fuel future expansion, there was an historic sense of continuity.

Creative force behind the most recent rebirth is Joe Mason, a dark, wee Scot, who, at 42, is discovering some secrets about strife saving involve everyone. And gain control. "In a situation like this," he says, "you cannot have a democracy. You don't have the luxury when you're scraping for capital." Mason became involved early in 1978 when no one else in the country would touch the Pioneer corpse. In June, 1977, U.S. owner Outboard Marine Corp., claiming unprofitability, had announced it was closing the chain saw division. The cries of 450 workers reached Waukegan, Illinois, and there were rescue attempts—even with the Northern Ireland Development Agency in a plan that fell through because the agency wanted the plant moved to Ireland. Closure came and politicians, local and federal, tried to help, with former Indian affairs and northern development minister and Peterborough MP Hugh Faulkner finding Mason. Six years earlier Mason had saved Tembec Forest Products Ltd., of Temiscaming, Quebec, from a similar fate by involving the community, the province and the workers. At Pioneer, he demanded and received control and put together a $10-million rescue package which included loans, mortgages and guarantees from Triarch Corp., the Federal Business Development Bank (FBDB), the Ontario Development Corporation and the Enterprise Development Board.

Joining Mason was Jerry Krahenbuhl, 50, now president and general manager of the Pioneer Chain Saw Sales Corp. Swiss-born, he emigrated to Canada in 1950, cut wood in Northern Ontario and bought his first chain saw in his second year. He threw away his Swedish saw, doubled his pay, then became a chain saw sales apostle with McCullough and Outboard for the next 20 years, from bald prairie to bricked Europe. "You sell chain saws where the people are," says Krahenbuhl, "not where the wood is. People have the credit cards." Last year, Krahenbuhl, Mason and seven others in management formed Granton Ltd. to hold 51 per cent of the company's 1,066,000 shares. FBDB held 25 per cent and Pesheo Holdings Inc., an employee group, held 24 per cent.

Pioneer, with its roots in Vancouver firm D.J. Smith Equipment Co., founded in 1948 and thought to be North America's first power saw manufacturer, had seen it all before. In 1946, the company (by then called Industrial Engineering Ltd.) was purchased by Raymond Pitrie who sold 100,000 of his shares to employees at $1 each. By 1956, Outboard Marine paid $23 a share, $4.8 million in all, for IEL and moved it to Peterborough. Some of the workers collected up to $500,000. The new buyer, as before, is foreign: AB Electrolux, of Sweden, a $3-billion conglomerate with 350 operating firms around the world looking to add Pioneer to the five other firms bought during last year to control about 20 per cent of the annual $5 million worldwide chain saw sales. Few shareholders will make $500,000 this time (except Mason, perhaps) but FBDB will clear $1.2 million for its 13-month involvement. Each of the 161 worker shareholders will average about $3,500 after tax and will still own about 650 shares worth $16.35 each. Not bad for an average investment of $500 in January. Says longtime Outboard worker and Pesheo President Don Rusaw: "We've got a miracle situation on our hands."

Rusaw, 40, a quality control group



EXAMINER

Pioneers (from left) Krahenbuhl, Mason, Vice-President Boden and President Philip McKnight with celebratory cake: a certain historic sense of continuity

leader, and United Steelworkers local 8753 President Doug Monks both sit on Pioneer's board of directors. The three government representatives will now be replaced on the nine-member board by Electrolux appointees but, unlike the Outboard days, Pioneer will be run in Peterborough. Word is out that, with help from Electrolux, Pioneer will spend $25 million and add 1,000 jobs to the 323 now at Pioneer, so there is optimism everywhere in the 162,000-square-foot factory.

Biggest optimist of all is Mason Look[illegible] to join workers, governments and the entrepreneurial force again, he's saying floundering Prestolite in Sarnia, Ont. "Employee investment is a creative force," he says. "With others looking over management's shoulder, you can't bury your mistakes."

Roderick McQueen

Where what grows best are costs



CALDWELL-REGINA LEADER-POST

Showstopping Big Roy with closed-circuit television and a price tag of $200,000

The time to feast their eyes on $3 billion in farm machinery and see what was new in agriculture—business that has become a high-stakes hustle. As farmers, and a sprinkling of curious urbanites, roamed the 3 million square feet of exhibits at the second annual Western Canada Farm Progress Show in Regina last week, it was clearer than ever that getting into farming is becoming dearer than ever. Although used equipment is available at half price, it costs about $120,000 for the new and necessary equipment to farm six quarters (960 acres)—with no set much fertile land itself costing upward of $250,000.

Typical is Roy Palmer, 37, of Rocanville, Sask., 150 miles east of Regina, who farms 13 quarters with his two brothers. To start farming in 1965 he mortgaged his father's farm, three years ago crushing costs and increased cash needs forced the sales of three of their quarters, which they now lease. While the average Saskatchewan farm in 1976 was 923 acres, up from 845 in 1971, bigger is not always better. Says Palmer: "If you lose $1 a bushel, the more you farm, the more you lose. The bigger you get, in a lot of cases, just means the more you are working for the bank, or mortgage company." As costs soar, wheat prices have slumped. Although there have been recent suggestions that wheat could reach $6 a bushel within two years, the market peaked in 1974 when wheat reached $4.58 a bushel and slid to $3.27 per bushel last year. "The price of land now is four times what it was when I bought. If a young guy had to borrow money, there is simply no way he could get a return on the land to even pay the interest, never mind make a living," says Palmer.

The solution, shrink or get much bigger, is often the same for farm implement dealers. Don Lehman, director of Saskatchewan's Agricultural Implements Board, says that the costs of starting and maintaining a dealership coupled with the high expectations of major manufacturers have meant the 1,590 dealers licensed in Saskatchewan in 1976 have become 875 this year. "It takes $250,000 for a major dealer to start up and that doesn't even include display units," Lehman says. With a building worth $500,000, "if a dealer doesn't do at least $1 million a year, then he's not even in business."

Last year total equipment sales in the province was $385,015,000, with the price for a new tractor averaging about $40,000. Compared with the national 1978 total farm implement sales of $1.48 billion, that means the Saskatchewan dealers have cornered about 25 per cent of the domestic market. But market demands and the growing size of farms have also made many farmers want bigger, more efficient—and therefore more expensive—equipment.

One of the most popular sights at the Farm Progress Show was an eight-wheel drive tractor called Big Roy. It comes complete with a 600-horsepower engine, a closed-circuit television, so the driver can see behind the machine, and a price tag of $200,000. It was obviously out of Roy Palmer's league but, after all, a guy can always dream. **Dale Eisler**

An army travels on its toolbox

Left with a jimmied back door after a break-in, Al Rach knew just who to call: the Blue Army. On its files was the name of a repairman who lived only two blocks from Rach's northwest Calgary house. The tradesman would be there at 4 p.m. Rach was told, and he was. The Blue Army called back, too, just to make sure he had turned up and done a satisfactory job. It's that closely checked reliability that has turned the Blue Army into a business that grossed $1 million in its first year. Established in Calgary a year ago this month, the Blue Army has already spread to Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria, with a Winnipeg operation due to open July 15.

The Blue Army got its catchy name from Vancouver advertising man Jack Kleeman, who teamed up with lawyer Patrick Sutherland and accountant John Frey, both of Calgary, and Australian public relations man Allan Mansfield to put together a directory of tradesmen. The workers—ranging from eavestroughers to dry-wallers—pay the Blue Army $26 a week to be linked with customers needing their services. Customers (who pay no service charge to the Blue Army) are assured a qualified, licensed, established tradesman, while the tradesmen benefit from Blue Army print, TV and radio advertising.

Tradesmen set their own prices and the Blue Army doesn't pretend or intend that they're cheaper than anyone else. Says President John Fray: "You get what you pay for; we want to be the best, not the cheapest." Trying harder has made the Blue Army grow faster than its founders anticipated and after Winnipeg, Fray says, the company will pause to catch its breath. But the Blue Army's established regiments are growing daily, even though more tradesmen are rejected than accepted. Calgary now has 230 member tradesmen, Vancouver 250, Edmonton 80 and Victoria 60, with each office fielding 100 to 600 customer calls a week. While someone in the Blue Army can tackle anything from heavy equipment hauling to welding and steel fabricating, no job is too small. One woman called from the Calgary International Airport where she had just discovered that her dog was too large to fit into any of the airline's cages. The Blue Army dispatched a handyman who built a cage at the airport and the dog caught its flight. **Suzanne Zwarun**



PAUL LITTLE

Law

A step closer to the billboard world

Bob Edwards, the late and legendary Calgary publisher, used to say that the meek would be a long time inheriting the earth. While members of the legal profession have rarely been accused of false modesty, they have traditionally refrained from singing their own praises in the form of commercial advertising. Now, thanks to the efforts of Vancouver legal maverick Donald Jabour and a landmark decision in the British Columbia Supreme Court in April, Canadian lawyers are one step closer to what many of them fear will turn into an undignified, unprofessional circus.

Actually, the B.C. and Manitoba law societies have already relaxed their rules to permit limited "informational" (as opposed to promotional) ads and Alberta is expected to follow suit this month.

Their members are now free to run discreet printed ads containing such previously prohibited information as preferred fields of practice (though they may not claim expertise or superiority), hours of business and languages spoken. Since May, Ontario lawyers have been permitted to specify their preferred legal fields in the yellow pages of the telephone directory.

In most other provinces, legal advertising is still being debated, on the one hand by those who contend that the practice is detrimental to the profession and, on the other, by those who feel they and their clients would be better served by a system of open competition. Judging by a Gallup poll done last fall for the Canadian Bar Association, it would seem that the majority of the public takes the latter position: more than half of the respondents singled out lack of prior information about fees and services as their chief complaint against lawyers.

The B.C. decision hinged on federal legislation that may eventually end all the foot-dragging by provincial law societies wishing to maintain absolute power over their members. Vancouver lawyer Donald Jabour ran afoul of the system early in 1978 by running newspaper ads about his new legal clinic and placing a large illuminated sign above his office window. When he was ordered to desist, he successfully sued the B.C. law society under the federal Combines Investigation Act (amended in 1976 specifically to include professional services). Mr. Justice A.A. Mackoff ruled that the prohibitive powers conferred on the society by the provincial Legal Professions Act were monopolistic and therefore illegal under federal statute, which takes precedence.

Jabour and those of his colleagues who favor advertising are not quite out of the woods yet, however, because the law society has launched an appeal. Even though it had capitulated to a certain extent in late March (ironically, Jabour received notice of the relaxed regulations on the same day the court ruled in his favor), the society balked at the most contentious issue of all: fee advertising.

So far only the Manitoba law society has seen fit to permit lawyers to advertise sample fees for standard services (although Alberta is expected to adopt a similar rule). Says Harold Stubbs, secretary of the Manitoba society: "We just don't see any reason why the public should not be entitled to this information." For the time being, Jabour plans to abide by his society's ban on fee advertising but he is hopeful that the B.C. Appeals Court ruling, expected within the next year, will settle the whole question once and for all. "If the combines act deals with anything," he says, "it deals with price competition."

Meanwhile, a Jabour-type maverick from the other side of the country is also planning to leap into the fray. Halifax barrister Howard Epstein has been

Jabour, Epstein: not without support



SHERMAN HINES

contravening the Nova Scotia law society's rules since last August by running a weekly newspaper ad proclaiming "reasonable fees and evening appointments." As yet he has received no reprimands, so he has decided to up the ante by actually specifying his prices. Epstein expects this challenge will finally provoke the society into some resolution of the advertising question. "At the moment I'm the only lawyer in the province prepared to stick his neck out," he says, "but I'm not without support."

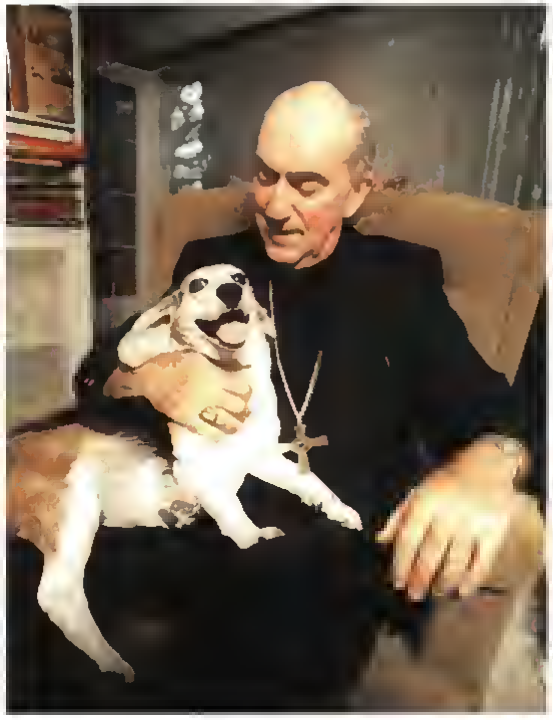
Members of both factions in the argument are keeping an eye on the activities of American lawyers, who have been free to advertise since the Supreme Court ruled on the matter two years ago this month. So far what little advertising is being done (only three per cent of U.S. lawyers are doing it according to a recent American Bar Association poll) seems dignified enough to satisfy even the fussiest of jurists. There have been no TV production numbers with scantily clad choristers trilling the virtues of such and such a law firm. And no one has yet rented the Goodyear blimp—although one Wisconsin lawyer does have a small plane fly over local football games trailing a banner advertising his practice. **Terry Poulton**

A prince of the church takes his pew

By Warren Gerard

"I've a strong impression I'm dreaming," he said a month ago when he was chosen by Pope John Paul II to become the second cardinal in Toronto's history. But the reality came last Saturday behind closed doors—even he had to wait in another room—as the gathered cardinals in St. Peter's Basilica removed their bright scarlet birettas, in the historic sign of approval of the Pope's choice. So it was, as if it had been written, that Gerald Emmett Carter, son of Thomas Carter, a Montreal linotype operator, became a prince of the church, a member of the most exclusive club in the world, the College of Cardinals.

And this Sunday—after being invested and clothed in the scarlet robes, after having celebrated mass on the steps of St. Peter's on Canada Day—he flew home on a plane chartered for friends and guests. Later, on Thursday, a liturgical ceremony of reception (tickets only) was to be held in St. Michael's Cathedral for representatives of church and state, and at night a pontifical mass was planned for 15,000 communicants in Varsity Stadium.



BRIAN WILLER-MACLEAN S

Carter: Give people a challenge

Carter is Canada's fourth cardinal. The others are Maurice Cardinal Roy of Quebec City, George Cardinal Flahiff of Winnipeg and Paul Emile Cardinal Léger of Montreal who retired in 1968 to serve at a leper colony in Africa. Between them, they govern the church in Canada. "It was very courageous of the Pope," Carter says. "We already have three. This gives us more, proportionately, than any other country in the world."

From that statement it sounds as if the appointment was a surprise to Carter. Perhaps it was, but it was not unexpected to many lay people and clergy in the diocese. It seemed time. James Cardinal McGuigan was Toronto's first cardinal. He died in 1974 after a long illness and during his last years, until last June, in fact, Archbishop Philip Pocock was the spiritual leader of the diocese. Some thought he would be named a cardinal, but it wasn't to be. "I wasn't called," Pocock said simply.

Carter is quite unlike his predecessor in style. Pocock was a gentle man who had an almost mysterious sense of peace about him. Carter, at 67, has a more jovial, businesslike air. If he weren't a high-powered churchman, it wouldn't be difficult to imagine him as a high-powered cabinet minister or a dynamic member of a corporate board of directors.

Born in Montreal, Carter is of Irish stock, one of eight children, four of whom went into the church. His brother, Alexander, is the Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie and at one time, when Carter was Bishop of London, Ontario, the two were the only brothers in the world to be full bishops at the same time. "There's always been a sense of competition between the two of us," Carter says. "He's three years older than me. So he was three years bigger than me when we were growing up and I got the short end of it but the time came when I realized I could stand up to him. There's always been competition—hockey and games, at the seminary in studies—and we argue about anything, but on fundamental issues we see eye to eye."

He called his brother the day after he was appointed and said "I know your attitude to honors. I know you're not going to get too excited, but I thought you would like to hear from me that the Holy Father has decided to name me a cardinal." His brother replied "Oh, great!" But he did not go to Rome to witness his brother's investment.

Carter's rise to the top is littered with honors, degrees and the accomplishments of a learned man. He was ordained in 1937 and spent his first 25 years in the priesthood working in various areas of education. He founded St. Joseph's Teachers College in Montreal—a college for English-speaking Catholics—and was a member of the Montreal Catholic School Board for 15 years. He was a professor of catechetics and wrote three books. He was named Auxiliary Bishop of London in 1961 and became full bishop of the see in 1964. He was active in the Vatican Council and was a member of various liturgical commissions and chairman of the International Committee for English in the Liturgy. Last year, he was

The spirit of the Czar lives on. Wolfschmidt Vodka is here.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

STELLA ARTOIS

The Great Taste In European Beer



Stella Artois is available at many LCBO outlets and restaurants

appointed Archbishop of Toronto.

While he was in London, the Pope, then Karol Cardinal Wojtyla, stayed with him a couple of days, and a short time later in 1977 he visited Wojtyla in Poland, where the two men walked through the streets of Krakow in a procession that lasted four hours. Carter recalls that the people were wildly enthusiastic, displaying religious signs and ornaments from their houses, using public-address systems, all of which was against the law. Carter asked Wojtyla about the law and he replied: "I forgot."



THE GLOBE AND MAIL

Celebrating mass: principled pragmatist

Carter dislikes labels, but he does describe himself as a pragmatist "in the good sense of the term. You can have the pragmatist who has no principles. In other words, he just does what he thinks is the most expedient for the time. I would hate to think that I am anything like that. I believe I have very firm and strong principles and I am prepared to stand on them. It's a question of what is the issue, not where you stand before the issue is even addressed.

If you think people are going too fast, too far in one direction, and you want to be a leader, then, if necessary, you have to be prepared to be hurt going the other way."

Carter was a progressive at the Vatican Council in the '60s but, like so many of the church's leaders, he was seen as a conservative once it had ended. "I didn't drag my feet in the council, but after the council there were a lot of people who misread the things that had happened. They put words in the mouths of the fathers of the council that never existed and they attributed intentions to us which we never had. So then I said 'Just a minute, hold it, wait!' "

Many priests left the church in that period. They had various complaints. Celibacy was one. Dissent was widespread. It is one of Carter's favorite themes—"the theologians of dissent." He predicts the 1980s will be a period of reaffirmation of faith. "We have had enough confusion, enough of confrontation, enough of dissent. We are the believers. Those who go looking for dissent are not Catholic."

At a time when perhaps he should be optimistic, full of the challenge of the future, Carter talks sadly, almost with despair, about the world around him.

"Our civilization is a civilization of despair, discouragement and just plain 'I don't give a damn.' That worries me more than anything else. And I think if the church has anything to say and anything to do, it's there. We've got to try to re-inspire our people with a sense of purpose, particularly the young. They have become bored and depressed. We have to give people a challenge. When I look around me I see people whose only purpose in life is to have two or three cars or an extra swimming pool, and everybody is bored. We're in a bored society and if we're not careful somebody is going to come along who is not bored and take it away from us. We have already taken away from ourselves a sense of purpose."

What he says is true, perhaps, but certainly it is not the reality of Gerald Emmett Cardinal Carter. "The church can do something about re-instilling in humanity some sense of dedication, some passion for things that are other than material values. That is the task."

HODGE & MARTIN & THE ARGOS



IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE
IT'S HOW YOU PLAY-BY-PLAY.

Dave Hodge & Peter Martin bring you 55-yard-line action
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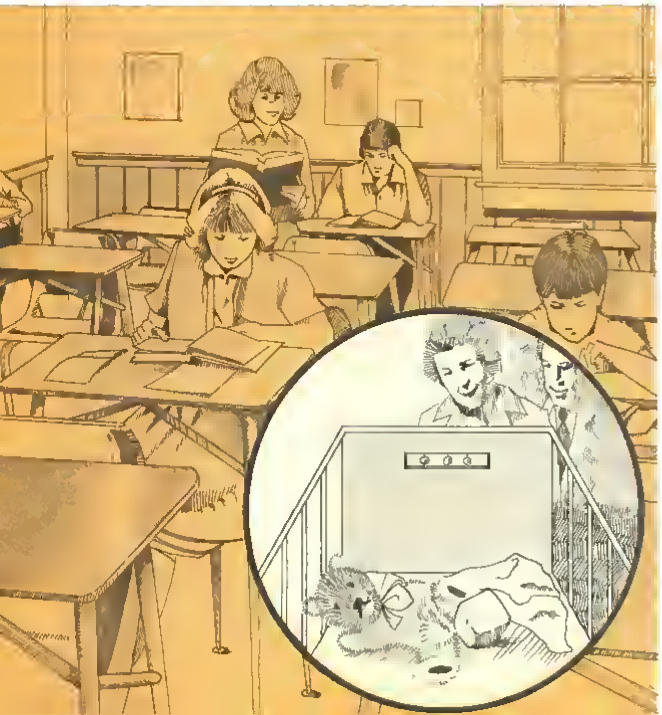
The rise and fall of the baby factor

This fall, the board of education for the City of North York, bordering on Toronto, will fire almost 400 teachers out of 4,732. In the near future, it will also have to close many of its schools—37 out of 163 are currently under the gun. The problem is simple, and it's a problem confronting school boards across the country. Canadians obviously are no longer raising enough children to fill the schools. And if new population forecasts can be relied on, this situation—which has repercussions far beyond cobwebs in classrooms—is going to get worse.

Like nearly every other Western industrialized nation, Canada is in the population doldrums. We're no longer the fast-growing country we thought we were, a nation of only 12 million in 1945 but one of 21.5 million by 1971. Since then, eight years ago, our population has increased by only two million. Immigration is down, but the birthrate is down even more: from 180,000 in 1959, the peak year of the baby boom, to an estimated 360,000 last year. The decline in the underlying "fertility rate" (the number of children per woman of childbearing age) has been even more striking. It's down from 3.9 to 1.8—below the rate of 2.1 which demographers call "the replacement level," the rate necessary to maintain a constant population without immigration.

A recent Statistics Canada publication, *The Class of 2001*, suggests that fertility rates are likely to decline even further, to 1.7 in the early 1990s. But even this projection might be excessively optimistic. Ontario government statisticians are now predicting, if present trends continue, a provincial fertility rate of 1.5 in the same time period.

DOUG SWINSON



David Foot, associate professor of economics at the University of Toronto's "think tank," the Institute for Policy Analysis, has reached the same conclusion independently. And he points out that even this estimate requires a degree of optimism. The decline in fertility since the early 1960s has been so sharp that a simple straight-line extension of the trend would point toward a rate of around 1 by the turn of the century, slipping down relentlessly toward national extinction. Obviously this is impossible, but Foot finds it equally impossible to envisage any upturn over the next 25 years.

No one is suggesting that Canada's population will decline. People are still living longer, and immigration has not dried up completely. But the age structure of the population will change, and quite drastically.

Very simply, there will be fewer children and more old people. The 65-plus age group will jump from nine to 12 per cent of the population by the year 2000.

Not everyone agrees with the population Cassandras. "Forecasting babies," says John Buttrick, professor of economics at Toronto's York University, "is a game that human beings are very poor at." During the Depression, he says, the Canadian fertility rate fell to a then unprecedented low of 2.6 and there were glum forecasts of continued decline. But the prophets were confounded by the post-war baby boom. Undaunted, they predicted a population explosion in the 1970s, as those baby boom kids grew up to raise their own families. But the truth was closer to a population implosion.

And Buttrick believes that the forecasters are wrong yet again. He suggests that the baby slump is the result of special circumstances: difficult employment conditions for younger people—a partial product of the baby boom—and an increase in female participation in the labor force. He expects an upturn in the mid-1980s.

However, says David Foot, not only has the long-term trend always been towards smaller families, but increasing urbanization and better contraception have created "a new ball game."

Increasing immigration is one way government can play that ball game. Another is to provide subsidies to encourage people to have more children. In East Germany, where the fertility rate has hit 1.5, the government now offers a $10,000 interest-free loan to all newly married couples, which is written off in stages after the birth of children—entirely, after the third child. And the East German birthrate is now inching upward.

Bribes for babies. It will be interesting to see just how big a bribe Canadians will hold out for. **Andrew Weiner**



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Endangered species: kings and queens

If it hadn't been for a long-ago revolution, Isabelle, the Princess of Orléans and Bragance, might be the queen of France today. Instead, she is peddling her memoirs around the United States and smiling sweetly as the social set in New York and Washington stumbles over its manners and its curtsies in her presence.

"Some call me princess, some call me countess. Others say la comtesse or maybe Her Royal Highness or la Princesse Isabelle. But if you say comtesse, you must say Comtesse de Paris. You cannot just say comtesse. Protocol is for receptions, though. Not for normal life. Medame is fine. Just call me madame."

Madame la Comtesse de Paris is descended from Louis-Philippe Duc d'Orléans and 19th-century Brazilian royalty. She has been married for nearly 50 years to her fourth cousin, Henri de France, a direct descendant of the Capets. But despite the royal pedigree, life is not like the good old days—for times are not auspicious for the world's kings and queens. They are becoming an increasingly rare breed, perhaps even an endangered one. The late King Farouk of Egypt once predicted that eventually there would be only five monarchs left in the world: the kings of spades, hearts, diamonds, clubs and England. That rotund royal, turned playboy by a military coup, may not have been far off the mark, as Princess Isabelle knows full well.

Not that she is hurting, what with her four châteaux and all. And if the term "rich family life" still counts for anything, she is not exactly a pauper with 11 children and 39 grandchildren. But the occasional corner must be cut, so the butler is also the chauffeur, the maid is also the cook and the gardener is the handyman. The Comte de Paris and his wife have only two sports—shooting and riding, and they rent their horses by the hour from a stable near their home outside Paris. It is madame's "simple life."



Princess Isabella 'just call me madame'

Her book, *Tout m'est bonheur*, which she translates as "All Can Be Happiness for Me," has sold well in France, and now she is hoping it will be published in North America. But her publicity tour—to attract publishers—and the recent deposition of the Shah of Iran ("The King of Kings") has brought the state of sovereigns into sharp focus. The world numbers only 13 kings and three queens among its 160 or so heads of state, according to the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, which, to keep on top of things, prints up a new list every month. In addition, the CIA list includes two emperors, two princes, one grand duke, three emirs, one sultan, one life president and one paramount ruler, all of whom are supposed to carry on in the best regal manner. But even so, the standards are slipping. For example, Emperor Hirohito of Japan has no real empire, and His Imperial Majesty Bokassa I of the Central African Empire—an obscure army chief of staff not long before his $30-million coronation in 1976—is definitely nouveau rex.

Indeed, new kings and new countries can be embarrassing in matters of protocol. It can be quite a task among diplomats keeping titles straight. You can learn from the protocol office at the U.S. state department, for instance, that Emir Shaikh Isa bin Salman al-Khalifa of Bahrain is known as "Your Highness" while Prince Rainier of Monaco is called "Your Serene Highness." But then neither the name nor the nation may be familiar. For example, King Moshoeshoe II of Lesotho or King Jigme Singye Wangchuk of Bhutan are not exactly household names.

No one has quite figured out yet just what to call Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, now that he no longer sits on Iran's Peacock Throne. But he has plenty of company in the ranks of exiled royals and pretenders. In the past two decades, monarchs were deposed in Laos, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, Libya, Yemen, Zanzibar, Iraq and Iran. The list includes ex-kings Constantine of Greece, Idris of Libya and Rechad of Tunisia as well as such lesser known figures as Leka I, son of the late King Zog of Albania.

"In Europe's exclusive club of non-reigning royalty," Charles Fenyvesi wrote in *The New Republic*, "there is great concern about the Shah. He has been kind and gracious to them—unlike Queen Elizabeth of England, for instance, who has upheld family tradition of aloofness from defunct royalty, many of them her cousins." **William Lowther**

(Left to right and up) King Hussein of Jordan, Emperor Bokassa, Central African Empire, the Shah of Iran, Queen Elizabeth II, Great Britain, King Constantine of Greece, King Juan Carlos of Spain; King Hassan II, Morocco

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A carny barker for God

BILLY GRAHAM: A PARABLE OF AMERICAN RIGHTEOUSNESS
by Marshall Frady
(McClelland & Stewart, $16.50)

Sample case in hand, Billy Graham trudged the back roads of a Depression-ridden South to become "top Fuller Brush salesman in the two Carolinas." Forsaking bristles for old-time religion, now, 40 years later, he is the top salvation huckster in the two hemispheres. He putts with presidents. No man who ever lived has been seen or heard, in person, by more people, and when he had a kidney operation, his surgeons were besieged with pleas for the stones.



Four faces of Billy Graham: some Christianity, but without sinew

Marshall Frady's exhaustive biography (densely and interestingly written, despite its bowlers) shows where Graham came from and how he came to be what John Connally calls "the conscience of America." Graham was born into the backwoods of fundamentalist dread, which was wary of Catholics, hostile to Jews. Toil was long and hard, rules few but strict, and entertainment was a circuit revivalist come to town like a carny barker. He's remembered variously as a gangly, simple youth, as "the worst tattletale," and as something of a prig: "I never even touched a girl's breast," he states proudly.

In the '40s, after stints at Bob Jones and Wheaton, academies whose libraries consist of one Good Book, he hit the evangelical circuit himself. His only rival ("the gold dust twins," they were styled) was Charles Templeton, of far more subtle and sophisticated mind, who was briefly to infect Graham with his doubts and questionings. But while Templeton left the calling, Graham continued the crusade, getting his big break in Los Angeles in 1949, when William Randolph Hearst, liking the boy's anti-communism, issued the order to "puff Graham." The rest is part of Americana. He incorporated. He discovered television. His round-the-world crusades preached a gospel of small-town, turn-of-the-century verities, sanctimonious Republicanism masquerading as the word of Christ.

I happened to see Graham's recent Tampa Crusade on television, hoping to catch a bit of the thrill of great preachin', but it wasn't there—not the sonorous chill that Martin Luther King, say, could raise even in heathens. He mouthed smarmy pieties, swerved the old simplicities, flying in the face of all logic and feeling, demanding only faith. His world is in silhouette, with no shades of grey. But for thousands in the stands on that windswept, thundering coastal night, with tornadoes skimming across the gulf like dervishes, it was manna. Whatever one thinks of Graham—about his sincerity (beyond dispute), his establishment alliances (Hearst and Luce and Johnson and Nixon may have sensed more cunningly than Marx that religion is the opiate of the masses), about his lapses of taste and judgment—for millions he is like Graham Greene's whisky priest: he can put God in their mouths.

Those millions—his docile flock—are the laundered and politely spoken and already committed, who drift through life making no waves, waiting for the payoff Graham promises them. He sends them computerized letters spouting homilies for Dear Abby problems—the straying, the drinking, the ungrateful child. But in the face of human misery, in Peru, in India, on Manhattan's Bowery, he walks as a callow tourist, shocked and scared. Graham knows his scripture, but of life he is as naïve as Nathanael West's Miss Lonelyhearts. The Bible to him is an etiquette manual, the Messiah a fullback turned crew-cut Jaycee, smiling and gladhanding ("Christ was no sissy!" he insists). As Templeton warned him during a long, dark night of the soul in a New York City hotel room long ago, he dispenses Christianity without sinew.

Bill MacVicar

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Telling tales out of the dugout

THE BRONX ZOO
by Sparky Lyle and Peter Golenbock
(General Publishing, $11.95)

In many baseball clubhouses there's a sign with a message that's well known throughout the sport: "What you see here, what you hear here, let it stay here, when you leave here." When Jim Bouton wrote *Ball Four* eight years ago, he was considered a traitor by the baseball establishment, a pariah among his peers. He had broken the code, revealed the password and the secret handshake. Baseball people assumed that if the public learned that some ballplayers were drunkards and others Peeping Toms, it would turn against the sport. They were wrong, of course. most baseball fans either didn't want to know or didn't care.

Sparky Lyle has taken *Ball Four* one step further. He not only tells all, but revels in it, glorifies the crude and the cruel. If Lyle is trying to give us some genuine insight into the sport, he fails, if he's trying to give us an insight into Sparky Lyle, he succeeds enormously. Sparky Lyle is a self-centred jerk.

The book is a diary of relief pitcher Lyle's 1978 season with the New York Yankees, rife with stories of the famous Yankee players. Reggie Jackson's ongoing promotional campaigning for Reggie Jackson, Mickey Rivers' attacking the team's travelling secretary at Toronto airport because he, Rivers, was compelled to carry his own bags through customs, Lou Piniella throwing helmets and smashing coffee machines, Billy Martin getting drunk.

And then there's Sparky Lyle, whose idea of a joke is taking off his clothes and sitting on a team-mate's birthday cake. His concept of recreation is going to Grand Central Station at four in the morning to drop dollar bills and watch winos scurry for them, or catching moths and feeding them to a black widow spider. His way of dealing with the introduction of women in the clubhouse was buying a phallus-shaped cake and putting a sign on it. "For women reporters only."

What Lyle and writer Peter Golenbock have produced is a quickie aimed at cashing in on the current fad in baseball in general and the Yankees in particular. (The book is a best seller.) With Fifth Avenue ladies buying mink-lined Yankee warm-up jackets and Gilda Radner of *Saturday Night Live* parading in a Yankee cap, it couldn't miss. The only hope is that the kids aren't reading it, not for all the X-rated words and descriptions, but for the X-rated values.

Ken Becker



SCULPTURE BY ANN POWELL / PHOTOGRAPHY BY TED RUSSELL / MACLEAN'S

Baseball diamond as shiny metaphor

STEALING HOME
by Philip F. O'Connor
(Random House of Canada, $11.25)

Benjamin is in his mid-30s, looking to turn a corner, uncertain of direction, he senses only the urgent necessity for change. His wife is experiencing an identity crisis of her own. They have three children. Partly to get his mind off the concerns of a suddenly oppressive daily routine, partly to reach his taciturn 12-year-old son, Benjamin takes on the task of coaching the son's peewee baseball team. The rituals of the baseball diamond become a metaphor for the more complex, more frustrating day-to-day rituals. At the end Benjamin's direction is still unclear.

A first novel, it's a gentle-natured, thoughtful tale, with wonderful descriptions of the strategy sessions between coach and recalcitrant charges. In its bare imagery, in the neutral tone of the narration, though, *Stealing Home* suggests a short story extended beyond its means. Nice Guy Benjamin is so decent, so level-headed, his virtues become dramatic limitations. The son accuses the father of being so "*av*-erage" that everything he does is readily predictable. It is. There is less shock of recognition than a benumbed coziness. John Updike meets *The Bad News Bears*. O'Connor has articulated with skill his case history of average-guy crisis. Missing is vitality.

John Lownsbrough

Words are dead, long live words

ON DIFFICULTY
by George Steiner
(Oxford University Press, $14.75)

"I very greatly honor people who would like to have roots," George Steiner remarked recently. "I prefer shoes and socks." Never has his wanderlust for ideas been more evident than in his new volume of essays, where Dante rubs shoulders with Freud, and what begins as a discussion of Jane Austen ends with an analysis of obscenity. Steiner began as a literary critic, and has become an inquisitor of civilization. No one drops names or ideas with such a tireless grace.

He was, by the age of six, fluent in French, English and German. Now an erudite 50, he divides his time among universities in Switzerland, Britain and America. "Either we yield to the sinister whirlwind," he notes at one point, "or start heading for home." But his own home, his only home, is the high tradition of Western culture. *On Difficulty* comes most poignantly alive when Steiner's feeling for home rises above the Teutonic bombast of his polysyllabic prose. He is often perceptive, sometimes turgid, occasionally witty and never quite predictable.

The title sets a clever trap. If, reading *On Difficulty*, you find yourself in difficulty, you're only proving one of Steiner's melancholy contentions—that few of us anymore know how to read. Caught in a whirlwind of noise and easy experience, we are losing the capacity for silence, the resources of inner speech out of which art and thought are born. The price of North America's loud success is the loss of privacy and depth. Steiner has yet to be convinced that "mass culture" is more than a dire misnomer. Yet it's almost shocking to find such a shamelessly bookish man devoting an essay to *After the Book?*

He is not afraid to challenge fashion. In *Eros and Idiom* he links sexual explicitness with the malaise of today's fiction, and laments the breaking of taboos. There is, he announces at the end of a linguistic treatise, "more insight into the generation of language in the letters of Keats ... than can be found in any linguistic treatise." Steiner, the most passionate of thinkers, detests isolation. His sharp and intricate speculations make him, in an era of fragments, a man with a vision of the whole. That vision leaves little room for comfort.

Mark Abley

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. **Tha Mataresa Circla, *Ludlum* (1)**
2. **Good as Gold, *Haller* (2)**
3. **Shibumi, *Trevanion* (9)**
4. **Tha Island, *Benchley* (3)**
5. **Ovaload, *Hailey* (5)**
6. **War and Ramambranca, *Wouk* (3)**
7. **Tha Pigaon Projact, *Wallaca* (7)**
8. **Ths Last Enchantment, *Stawart***
9. **Chasapaaka, *Michaner* (4)**
10. **Ghast Story, *Straub* (8)**

NONFICTION

1. **How to Invast Your Monsy and Profit From Inflation, *Shulman* (1)**
2. **Beyond Reason, *Trudaau* (2)**
3. **Ths Powars That Ba, *Halberstam* (8)**
4. **Lauran Bacall: By Mysalf, *Bacall* (3)**
5. **Sophia: Living and Loving, *Hotchnar* (5)**
6. **Operation Fish, *Draper* (7)**
7. **How to Prospar During ths Coming Bad Yaars, *Ruff* (4)**
8. **Mommia Daarsst, *Crawford* (6)**
9. **At Ons With tha Sea, *Jamas* (6)**
10. **A Bloody War, *Lawranca***

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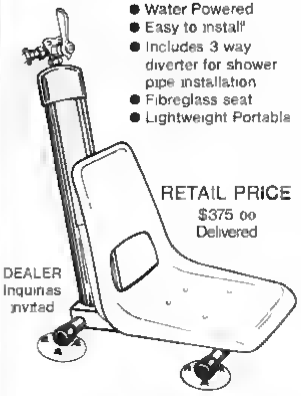
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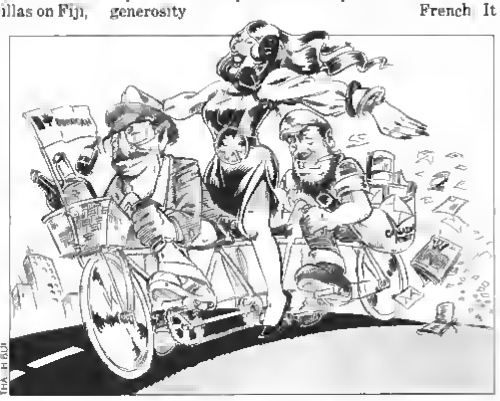
Of sultry summer evenings and the encroachment of people's chic



By Barbara Amiel

Summer is not my favorite time of year. To begin with, I sweat a lot, in spite of a constant dialogue with appropriate glands in my body to remind them that I come from a long line of Semitic nomads wandering around deserts—while they remind me that they've had it with this *Roots* business and, anyway, people sweat in the desert too. Most summers I also work reasonably hard because I can't afford to vacation in those cunning pink villas on Fiji, and the places I can afford, I loathe.

Summer is a season that exaggerates little annoyances. I suppose the sweat of my brow in the summer also goes to my share of tax revenues that keep all those happy Ottawa people in business. "There," I say to myself, as I watch them bicycle past me, tanned and Adidas-ed, "there goes a civil-servant-person off to language class or a seminar on new and interesting ways to redistribute our incomes. Perhaps today it'll be incentives to some nice crippled industry."



When my work is done I settle down on summer evenings to read the many periodicals that keep me abreast or—if this is sexist—a-scrotum of the times. I especially enjoy a light fashion rag called *W*. Apart from telling me handy little things about what Gore Vidal and Lee Radziwill are up to, *W* keeps me posted just in case I ever get to those aforementioned pink villas. As last month's *W* put it, *Summer Is An Unspoiled Spot*, which turned out to be "the picturesque charm of the Borromeos with regulars Princess Margaret, David Niven, the king of Belgium and some Rockefellers." But I have not renewed my *W* subscription. The reason? A renaissance in one of the ailing industries I support: people's chic has hit the Canadian post office.

I have 14 magazine subscriptions, delivered by long-suffering and probably underpaid postmen. My *New York Review of Books* comes with horrid regularity. *Quill & Quire* has never missed a month. But of *W*'s 26 issues per year, fewer than half get through. Complain to the publisher. "We mailed every one." Complain to my local postal supervisor. "No, we never received them. Tell you what, though, for a month I'll monitor your mail." Phone call at the end of the month from a triumphant Station Manager Frank King, at Postal Station P. "I told you, not one copy of that magazine passed through our hands." Alas, the post office is foiled again. That month was the only month ever in which I received two copies in an unprecedented spree of generosity.

Some may find this "detouring" of an expensive fashion magazine a discouraging feature of a public service. Not me. I am delighted to see this dawning chic among posties. Previously I had thought they would be filching copies of the *Morning Star* and holding study sessions to talk about how much more fun it would be to sort mail after the revolution than before it. (cf. CUPW journal Ottawa, 1977. "Over 80 per cent of all mail processed by the post office is the mail of large corporations ... if production and services are increased, who benefits? It is surely not the workers in the post office.")

This new chic has hit another people's industry. Last summer, on my final flight with Air Canada, the stewardesses paraded up and down the aisles while an amplified voice explained that the different colored outfits denoted different ranks. *Ranks*, if you please. A scarlet jacket, I think, indicated Chief of the Aft-Cabin, which translated into a job that involved steady scowling at lesser stewardesses and studied indifference to thirsty passengers. But that is nothing compared to Air Canada's new official languages policy. Last April, feeling a little guilty about boycotting my national airline, I tried to make a reservation from Toronto to Ottawa. The Air Canada line was so busy I couldn't even get their recorded announcement. Then—inspiration. I dialled the alternate number listed in French. It was answered in less than one ring. I requested a reservation. Not unless I spoke French, replied the voice, in flawless English. The English number was busy, I explained. *They* were free. "Sorry, we are a multilingual line," explained the flying schoolmarm. Relief. I put my husband on the phone. He requested a flight to Ottawa, in flawless Hungarian. "Our Hungarian reservation officer is off tonight, how about German?" she asked. "How about English?" asked my husband in flawless German. "Not a chance," came the reply, in flawless English.

Summer is the only time I venture into those cement-and-linoleum establishments that are the people's liquor shops. Poor tippling Canadians. Government-sponsored commercials urge them to get into "A Dialogue on Drinking" and then double the price of their bevarages to help pay for these silly public health ads. I wouldn't complain if anyone seriously believed that such a campaign could prevent just one person from becoming an alcoholic. But I doubt if even Ontario liquor czar Frank Drea believes that. But at least people's chic has not hit our liquor outlets. In spite of their 100-per-cent markups, there's no hint of capitalist luxury. No broadloom on the floors to cushion guilty footsteps. No piped-in music. This is the closest we come to rivalling Albanian animation.

But I guess in the people's industries there are no consumers. Only bosses. We are all proprietors. And—here comes the twist—we all know that the owning classes deserve nothing better, *n'est-ce pas?*

Films

That touch of class is found, then lost

LOST AND FOUND
Directed by Melvin Frank

From Tracy and Hepburn to Bob and Carol, movies have pursued the eccentric notion that married people can have exciting fun together—that a husband and wife are adventurers negotiating a minefield of disappointments, infidelity, boredom and high tempers, only the minefield is one not of space but of time, and it ends only when death do them part. Marriage, these days, is an exercise in absurdist heroism, and so is a film about an articulate, upscale, middle-aged couple in these days of teeny-bopper nostalgia and sci-fi sadism.

Lost and Found reunites the creative team that turned *A Touch of Class* into the comedy hit of 1973: actors George Segal, Glenda Jackson and Paul Sorvino, writer-director Melvin Frank and co-author Jack Rose. Here, Segal is a newly widowed English professor, Jackson a newly divorced secretary. They meet, fall in love, get married, fall out of love and finally—exhausted after all that falling—fall into each others' arms. Jackson, with a face, voice and bearing that's so intelligent it almost seems sexy, is again the witty, compassionate New Woman. And Segal's manic, mangy charm brings a certain sneaky appeal to a character who spends much of his time climbing up an Ivy-League wall over the backs of his friends.

The mixture is as before: a little kissy-face, a little slappy-face, a few tears, a few bruises. In *Lost and Found*, though, the ingredients don't quite gel. Melvin Frank has a fine track record as a comedy writer (Hope and Crosby's funniest movie, *Road to Utopia*, and Danny Kaye's most endearing vehicle, *The Court Jester*), but he hasn't the directorial ability to bring off this uneasy blend of slapstick and satire. And there's plenty of both. Segal is thrown out of a speeding car, tumbles down a ski slope, gets dragged around in a shower, and takes more pratfalls in 106 minutes than Buster Keaton did in his entire career. "The film's subplot," we learn from the production notes, is "a subject very close to Frank's heart—a serious condition that exists in our society." We'll give you three guesses. The



Segal, Jackson in matching casts: Hepburn & Tracy to Bob & Carol to Glenda & George

It takes two to tangle

On the set of *Lost and Found*, Glenda Jackson's small taut face looks enraged. Her mouth turns into an ugly snarl. The dark eyes are steely marbles and the voice has the bite of a whip. Don't mess with me, is the message. She grabs her nightie and charges down the hall, hurling abuse at a beleaguered George Segal and slams the door. Cut!' shouts director Melvin Frank.

It's awfully hard to find a shower in England. Segal observes after the cameras have stopped rolling. 'Only Americans would want showers.' Jackson retorts sharply. It's a terribly brutal way to start the day. No wonder you've got such a foreign policy."

In Hollywood they don't do it this way," snickers Segal. Zaps Glenda. Isn't that a ghost town somewhere in California?

Director Frank believes the pair has joined the ranks of filmdom's legendary couples. A veritable Tracy and Hepburn? "Exactly," says Frank. 'Rubbish," replies Jackson. 'We're just two actors who happen to be working together. Maybe we do rather well. But it's a job we get paid for. There's no magic involved—that's nonsense. Neither of us would say that we do our best work in these movies.

Jackson can't imagine why people like to see her in movies and eschews all trappings of stardom. Her two Oscars (*Women in Love* and *A Touch of Class*) are bookends in her mother's home. She avoids glitter, preferring a good book or a crossword puzzle. She was convinced that she would never make it as an actress and still seems baffled by her success. They said I'd never work until I was over 40 and ready to do character parts. I wasn't pretty. I didn't have blonde hair and I didn't have boobs.

Glenda Jackson wasn't enthralled with the character she's playing in *Lost and Found*. 'Most of the roles I'm offered are too trivial. I want to play roles where the women are engines and make things happen. What about all the rotten clinkers she has turned up in? *The Devil Is a Woman*. *The Incredible Sarah*. *The Class of Miss MacMichael*? Jackson bristles. 'I didn't direct them. You make a film and hope it'll turn out well, but you have no guarantee."

At 42, Jackson is among a handful of popular movie actresses. Along with Fonda and Streisand she has box-office pull, but foresees her movie career ending in a few years. Soon my face will begin to sag and that doesn't work on a camera. No more leading roles. I'll have to wait around for character roles and I don't want to do that. I'll do something else." Last year, the Queen made her a commander of the Order of the British Empire. Jackson isn't bowled over.

Lost and Found was running behind schedule. "Do you think we'll finish by Christmas?" a crew member quips. Jackson throws him an irritated glance. "Here we go again," says the director. Jackson is rigid and furious. She grabs the nightgown, tells Segal where to go, slams the door. There's a flub somewhere, a cue missed, the shot ruined. Segal grins. Jackson's reaction? A simple, resounding 'Damn.'

David McCaughna

SALT talks? The worldwide refugee problem? The identity of Margaret Trudeau's latest disco partner? Wrong on all counts. It's academic tenure for college teachers. When word of this subplot gets around, watch the fans line up.

Richard Corliss

The way they weren't

BUTCH AND SUNDANCE: THE EARLY DAYS
Directed by Richard Lester

This was a stupid idea in the first place, an ill-conceived and cynical attempt to cash in further on what was one of the most charming—and financially successful—movies ever made. It is a pleasure to report that the execution of the "prequel" (the coining of such words should be punishable by a slow and ugly death) to *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* is as bad as the idea itself.

Berenger as Butch (top) and Katt as Sundance: now who do they look like?





If the perpetrators want to moan that comparisons should not be made with the original, well, to hell with them. They went out and signed up Tom Berenger and William Katt for the title roles because they looked very much like the young Paul Newman and the young Robert Redford. If Berenger, who lent new meaning to the word "wooden" in *In Praise of Older Women* and whose acting has, if anything, degenerated, grew up to be Newman, then he must have needed a personality transplant along the way, his eye-rolling impersonation would get him hooked off the stage at a church social. Nor can Katt, despite a modicum of boyish charm, ever be mistaken for Redford. (This may be carping, but if the perpetrators really wanted us to believe these were the same guys, why didn't they figure some way of explaining how Katt, the right-handed gun, became Redford, the left-hander?)

About the only good thing to be said for *B & S*, which is less a plotted story than a series of uninteresting anecdotes, is that a lot of the outdoor cinematography is pretty, and a lot of the interior stuff moody and authentic. Director Lester obviously did a lot of intensive preparation toward this end—such as watching Robert Altman's *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* a half-dozen or so times.

Last of all, a shot to the gut of William Goldman, who wrote the witty, warm and engaging script of the original. He did not write this one—that dubious honor belongs to someone called Allan Burns—but he did co-produce. In the future, when you're looking for a good example of somebody fouling his own nest, consider William Goldman.

John Gault

Motormouth kayos man of mush

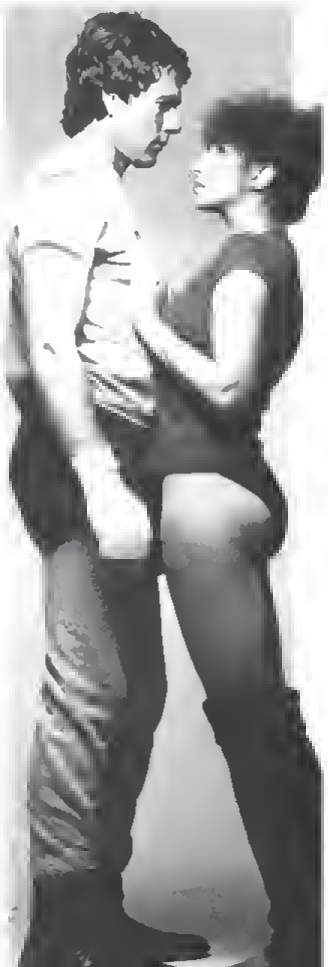
THE MAIN EVENT
Directed by Howard Zieff

So you'd like to see a nice, light romantic comedy? With the only female superstar in America as star, co-producer and God knows what else, light it isn't. Referring to the Barbra Streisand character in *The Main Event*, someone says, "Be my guest, if you want to talk to her—if you can get a word in." Get the drift? As perfume manufacturer Hillary Kramer, who suddenly goes broke and is left with only one asset, a boxer called Kid Natural (Ryan O'Neal) who can't box, Streisdoes her famous megalomaniac, motormouth Jewish schtik—Gracie Fields with a frizz. She just won't let up. Couldn't someone have slipped her a few Valium?

The Main Event which follows the well-worn plot path of a couple hating each other yet ending up in an embrace, is two movies in one. The first half is a gross and tired thing with a bum fixation, the second, when Barbra calms down (which means she's hysterical only half the time), is that light romantic comedy. But to get there, these are the hurdles.

The bum fixation. Or, Barbra's bum. That's where the camera is placed during the opening credits. Not even Garbo's face has received such attention from a camera. You almost expect the

O'Neal and Streisand: bum's the word



sun to start shining. The fixation continues: shots of guys in a gym locker room, Ryan putting his hand there, Barbra telling him to take it off there, Barbra slapping Ryan there, a shot from behind of Barbra stooped over vacuuming, and much, much more.

Leading men. With the exception of George Segal in *The Owl and the Pussycat*, Barbra makes mush of her men. As the boxer who fends off Barbra's business designs, O'Neal also gets swallowed in her wake. When they have a spat, he's as solid as an ice cube in a heat wave.

The good look. Sharply shot by Mario Tosi and directed by Howard Zieff (who got his start in commercials), *The Main Event* is a residence fit for a queen. Barbra has an oyster-pink apartment and wears a lot of soft rust colors, even framed at one point against an overpowering sunset. There are so many spiffy graphic designs around her that the movie begins to look like a copy of *New York* magazine that moves.

So what's good? An hilarious fight scene where Barbra tiptoes around the ring generally being a nuisance. A dinner scene at a winter training camp where her meal consists of several corn niblets. A witty seduction scene in a log cabin. She can be a spectacularly subtle comedienne, that ostrich-like body can be a gift in itself in scenes of confusion, her face has an otherworldly beauty when she leaves it in repose, and each time she purrs her lines she sings a small song.

A star is born. By always going full throttle, Streisand spoils her roles. She's too terrific. Why doesn't she play *The Barbra Streisand Story* and get it over with?

Lawrence O'Toole

You are what eats you

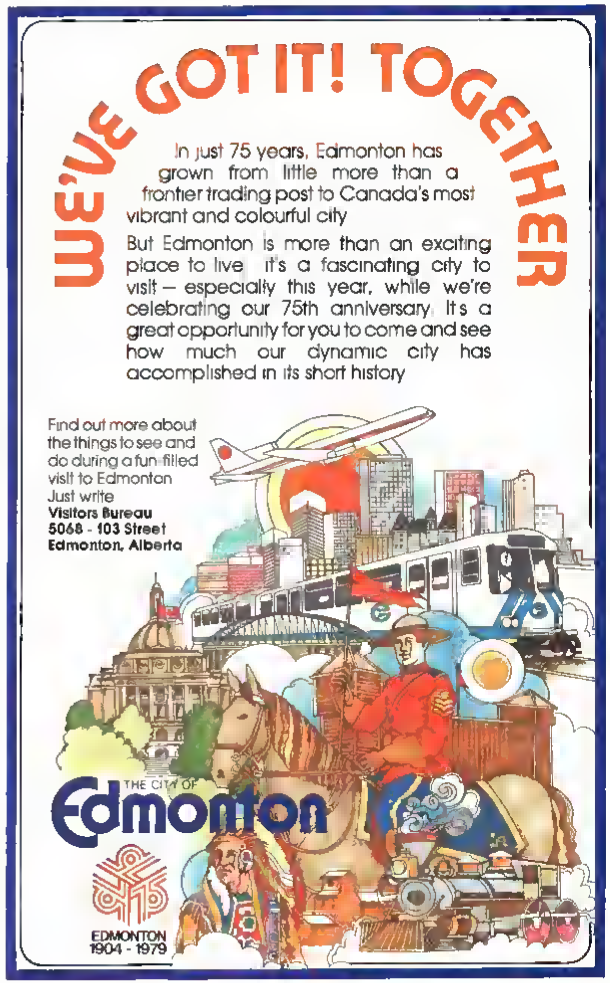
PROPHECY
Directed by John Frankenheimer

To get to the meat of the matter, the monster in *Prophecy*, advertised as "The Monster Movie," has been sold to the public as a she. *She* is supposed to rip our guts out with sheer terror. For purposes of identification, let's call her the Queen of the Pig People, since she does have porcine prominences, though of elephantine proportions. The Queen of the Pig People is nature's revenge on humankind—a mutant produced by mercury poisoning from a paper mill in Maine. It's not nice to fool with Mother Nature, says the mysteriously titled *Prophecy*: the results are tadpoles as big as frogs, vicious raccoons, mangled but living fetuses (they are not pretty—well, you saw the ads) and, of course, the Queen of the Pig People herself.

Among those whom she chases are the good, concerned doctor (Robert Foxworth) and his pregnant wife (Talia Shire). Mrs. Good Concerned Doctor is herself very concerned that she's carrying a potential Queen, having eaten some fish from the lake. Others fearing for their lives, such as they are on screen, include several noble native people and the owner of the mill.

John Frankenheimer (*The Manchurian Candidate, Black Sunday*) is an intelligent director gone slightly soft in the head with the environmental paranoia that afflicts us all. How else to explain his taking David Seltzer's script seriously? *Prophecy* has the look and rhythm of a made-for-TV movie blown up to wide screen (remember *Alien*?) with lots of silences (the best parts) interrupted by Dolby sound. If you are taken in by the preposterous ending, or, for that matter, most of the middle, you'd be well advised to keep quiet about it. Most expressive performance? The Queen of the Pig People. She deserves to be fed more often.

Lawrence O'Toole



Column

In which the stately pundit deigns to muddify the situation for a lowly scribe



By Allan Fotheringham

Mr Fotheringham, I notice you've been somewhat critical of what laughingly passed as a cabinet in the final Trudeau days. Do you have any illuminating insights on the Joe Clark cabinet?

Certainly What aspect of the situation do you wish to be bewitched by?

Well, I'm sort of confused by the fact we now have a Newfie in charge of our finances. Should I be alarmed?

Certainly should be

How's that? Can't he add?

You should be alarmed because Finance Minister John Crosbie should be arrested for impersonation

What?

John Crosbie is one of the consummate actors of our time He goes around dressed like an unmade bed and talking like an out-of-work butcher All the time his mind is doing rip-ups, curve balls, fandangos and madrigals He's about as slow as Bernard Baruch

You mean Mr Crosbie is not as ponderous as he talks?

Mr Crosbie likes to give the impression that he is slow That's why he dresses as if the Salvation Army is his tailor Actually, Mr Crosbie could buy and sell most of the cabinet. Newfoundland is owned by three families. The Crosbies are one of those families He himself is worth a wad of dough about the size of the national debt

So that's why he's in finance?

No, he's in finance because Mr Crosbie as well as being rich and bright has a sense of humor and a great deal of personal charm

So?

Do you think Joe Clark is going to let anyone like that run around loose? Of course not He's going to give him the navigator's chair on the Titanic Ever hear of a finance minister who survived his leadership hopes? If you don't believe me, here's John Turner's unlisted phone number

Gee, that's interesting Did Bill Neville tell Joe to do all that?

No, Machiavelli

Is there anyone else who has faint aspirations and poses a long range threat to the reigning expert on Jerusalem?

Yes The tiny perfect minister David Crombie has all the street smarts that the prime minister lacks He also has a natural gift for populist politics

So how did Joe If react to that?

The way any shrewd politician would He gave Crombie the portfolio of health and welfare, which has the largest budget of any government department Which means that Crombie is going to have his nose so far into his work he may disappear one day behind the pencil sharpener



Even more interesting, though Crombie will get to spend more money than any other minister, Clark carefully excluded him from the inner cabinet of 12 select brains who are going to alienate the other 18 ministers who are excluded And, finally, just in case Crombie has any spare time to make speeches, Clark has appointed the Gnome from Broma, Heward Grafftey, as minister of state for social programs to help out Crombie with his large portfolio

What's wrong with that?

What's wrong with that is that there's no such job It's a nice title but there are no duties to go with it Mr Grafftey sometimes resembles a vacuum cleaner that has gone out of control and will drive Crombie nuts trying to find an out-of-town assignment for him

Then Mr Clark's caution is the biggest danger to Mr Crombie?

No The biggest danger to Mr Crombie is Steve Paproski

How so?

Steve Paproski is the minister for fitness and amateur sport. He is not as good-looking as Iona Campagnolo but has a bigger smile. He is an ex-Edmonton Eskimo lineman and weighs 392 pounds. His tonnage exceeds the national debt His bulk is such that if he ever accidentally sits on the tiny perfect one at a cabinet meeting, they'll have to dredge for him

Tell me, didn't you think that was tough of Mr Clark to exclude every one of Diefs old cowboys from the cabinet?

Tough but not smart He had 29 spots to fill and would have been wise to find a minor, insignificant spot for one of that crowd which includes Bob Coates, Eldon Woolliams, George Hees, Alvin Hamilton, Marcel Lambert, Walter Dinsdale etc, simply on the Lyndon Johnson theory

What's that?

Well, Lyndon Johnson vowed the first thing he was going to do as president was sack J Edgar Hoover But he never did and one of his aides eventually asked him why Johnson explained that he had decided it was safer to have Hoover inside the tent peeing out than outside the tent peeing in Joe Clark will learn the same lesson

Wow, did you get that from Mr Machiavelli?

No From common sense

How about that smart young man Robert de Cotret? He surely is going to be an asset to Mr Clark.

Mr Clark is going to find the world's youngest senator will prove to be more trouble than a dose of hives De Cotret talks too much, which ain't too bright considering he hasn't been elected by anyone Sir John A once had to go to Victoria to find a seat in the Commons and de Cotret may have to go to Patagonia A 35-year-old trade minister attempting to operate out of the Senate will prove to be the worst pick since Emperor Caligula made his horse a consul

Gee, thanks, Mr Fotheringham, you've certainly managed to muddify the situation for me

Anytime

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Currently, we're paying foreign countries billions of dollars a year for imported oil We'll pay more next year, and still more the year after—unless we redouble our efforts to develop our own resources.

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Oil and natural gas It's good to have 'em on the job It's better still when they're Canada's own





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